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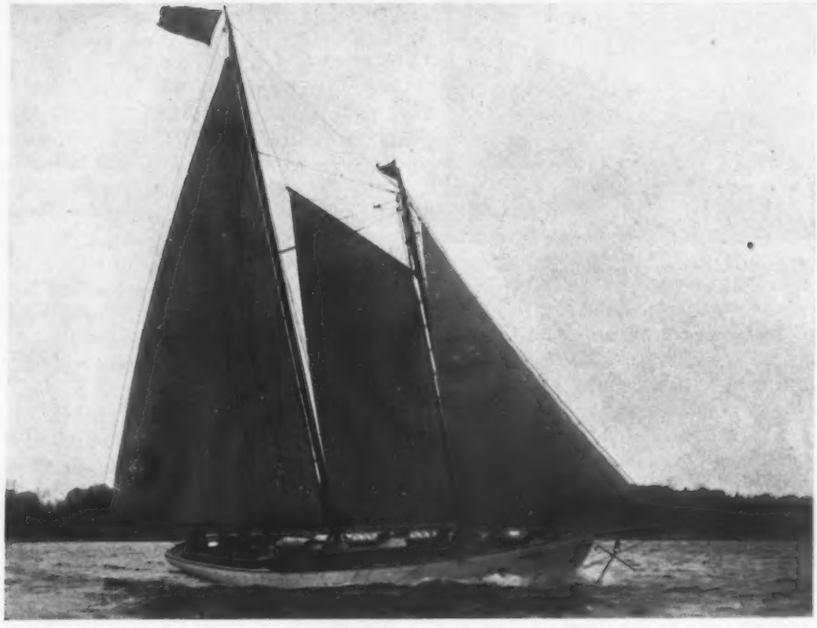


"At five in the afternoon the riggers left the *Northern Light*. We sailed an hour later."

On *Northern Light* in a Gale Off Georges

A Spring Trip from Nova Scotia to "the States" in a Bermuda Racer

By WESTON MARTYR

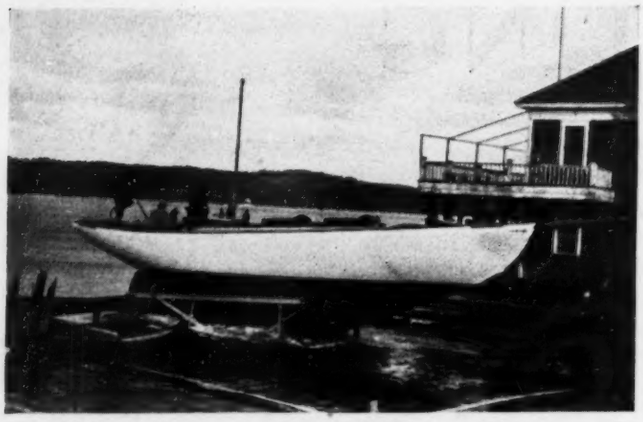
ON April second Capt. Tom Ensor left New York for Shelburne, Nova Scotia, to take delivery of his new schooner, the *Northern Light*, and to help him sail her back he took with him the writer and a sea anchor.

The *Northern Light* is 45 feet over all, 34 feet L. W. L., 11 foot 9 inch beam and 6½ feet draft, with a single headsail, gaff foresail and a Marconi mainsail 50 feet in the hoist. She has 9,000 lbs. of iron on her keel and 2,500 lbs. inside. From the look of her on the plans we judged she would be a beauty. With her designer's reputation in mind we made sure she would be fast; and because she had been built especially for ocean racing we hoped she would be an able boat at sea. We had been thinking and talking and dreaming about the boat for weeks; and in our eyes there floated a picture of her that was graceful, stately and imposing. Sympathize with us, therefore, when, hurrying from the train to the wharf, we saw our boat in the flesh at last. She lacked spars and ballast and looked like a badly inflated balloon about 20 feet long, 20 feet wide and a mile high. Tom cried, "My God! She has twelve feet of freeboard forward," and sat down on the wharf and wept. It was an awful moment.

When we recovered a little we crawled aboard—and then we had another shock. Standing on deck she looked a perfect little ship, and our hearts began to warm at once toward our ugly duckling. Down below we found twice as much room as could reasonably be expected in a boat of her size, and from the look of things she was built like a battleship. Then we went ashore and examined her from all angles and tried to imagine her down to her marks with the spars in. And such is the power of faith that, after a little, she began to look beautiful. Tom remarked, "After all, everybody said at first that the *Bluenose* was ugly and slow; and this is a pup from the same board. So we'll wait a bit and see."

We had planned to go aboard immediately on arrival, get her in trim in a day or so and then sail for City Island. But when taking delivery of a boat from the builders it is all nonsense making any such plan as this. It transpired that the track and slides for the mainsail had not arrived and nothing could be done to the spars and rigging until they turned up. Then the tanks and plumbing had still to be put in, and the plumber was busy on some other job. We could not even live aboard because all the insides had to be painted again; and it was no good painting till the plumber had finished, and the ballast was put in, and——

But why weary you with the details of the agonizing business? Suffice to say that we spent a nightmare of a fortnight telegraphing about the track, cursing the plumber, urging on the painter, harrying the riggers, admiring the blacksmith, advising the master-builder and driving the yard manager mad. And then, when we were nearly fit to join the manager in his padded cell, Jerry Ford and W. J. Roue, the designer, appeared and things began to move at last. The plumber disappeared (Tom murdered him, I think, and hid the body), the track and slides arrived, the masts were stepped, Roue put the ballast in (he squirted blood from every finger), the paint dried over the plumber's handmarks, the sails were bent and the stores were put aboard. Then we stood off and looked at our *Northern Light*—and found her changed. In trim for sea she looked a beauty—and beautiful she proved herself to be.



The *Northern Light* going overboard at Shelburne. She shows a well-formed underbody.

At five in the afternoon of April seventeenth the riggers left the ship and we sailed an hour later. This was a mistake, for we had a new and untried boat under us, and we were taking her out, across the Bay of Fundy, in a windier April than usual, to let her find herself. This is not fair treatment, and the schooner had every right to resent it. But our ship had no vice in her, and, in spite of what we made her do, she behaved like the perfect lady she is—as you shall see.

Our hurry to start was the effect of various causes. We were sick unto death of being tied up to a wharf. Then the gales of wind that had been blowing for days had eased off and we wanted to get away before they commenced again at the change of the moon. Also, we had shanghaied Ford for the passage down and he was in a desperate hurry to reach New York. Lastly, the next day was Good Friday and, while none of us are superstitious in the very slightest degree, yet, when it came to a question of actually sailing on Good Friday, wild horses could not have dragged us out. So, on that perfect Thursday evening, we hoisted our sails that had never been hoisted before, and ran wing and wing down Shelburne Harbor, while Captain Tom endeavored to ascertain what surprises in the matter of deviation our fine new compass held up its sleeve.

Having beguiled us out to sea, Old Ocean started to play with us. The gales of the preceding week had used up all the wind in the world and left a tumbling N. S. E. Westerly swell to test our stomachs and our gear. The gear stood the test for thirty banging, slatting, weary hours, but a couple of stomachs gave out.

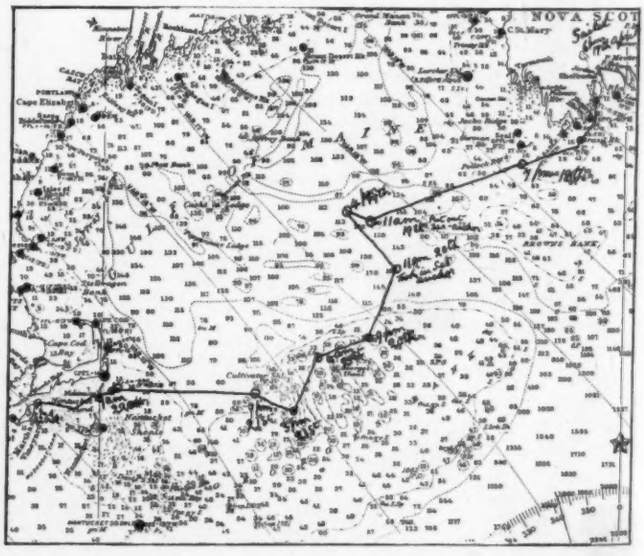
At 8 p.m. on the eighteenth, Seal Island Light was abeam and at midnight the log says, "Light airs. Heavy swell. Bar 30.36." At 1 a.m., on the nineteenth, we picked up a moderate sou'westerly breeze, the sails went to sleep at last, and we began to really move to the west'ard. This was the first time in her life the boat had had a chance to do anything more than drift, and it thrilled us to see her come to life and to feel her tugging at the helm. The log commenced to spin and we carried a bone in precisely the same front teeth that the *Bluenose* bites on. The wind freshened and all hands rejoiced at the famous shove we were getting toward home. But the rejoicings were not unduly protracted, for Old Ocean, tired of the raging calm game, was now preparing to toy with us in an entirely different fashion.

The wind continued to freshen and the glass began to drop like a stone. At 4 a.m. it said 30.04 and still going; and then the sun came up with the wickedest looking dawn I ever saw—and I've seen some dirty typhoon dawns! With the wind increasing rapidly and the glass still falling we knew we were in for a blow. At 5 a.m. we had a gale whistling over our starboard quarter, the glass read 29.70, and we were having a little trouble to keep from broaching to before the high, following sea. Then something went wrong with the steering gear so that the helm could only be put up about a quarter of the way. It was high time to shorten sail, so we stowed the jib and mainsail and set the storm jib and trisail.

At 7 a.m. the wind backed to the S. E. in a vicious squall and blew harder than ever, and the glass still fell. At 8 a.m. the log says, "Wind and sea increasing. Took in foresail. Vessel running dry under storm jib and reefed trisail. With every indication of full gale the sea anchor was got ready." I think that this was the time we should have hove to, but the boat was behaving so well and going so fast in the right direction that we were loath to stop her. By 11 a.m. it was blowing a full gale with a tremendous sea running, so we got the jib sheet to wind'ard, eased the helm and hove to on the port tack. With a borrowed trisail that was three times too big for us and the weather giving every indication of getting worse, the time had arrived to get out our sea anchor.

This piece of gear is a very strong canvas bag, 7 feet long with a 36-inch opening at one end and a 4-inch hole at the point. It has two 8-foot bridles of 2-inch bolt rope and the roping is sewn to the canvas the full length of the bag. The whole thing is a fine, strong job and was made by Captain Tom himself, so we knew we could rely on its standing up to the heavy strain it was about to undergo. It was all ready for business in the cockpit, while down in the fo'castle were 60 fathoms of 2-inch Manila warp. The problem was to join the two together. This sounds simple, but consider the facts. Our fore hatch is a very big one, and it was impossible to sheet our trisail in flat, as it was too long in the foot. Consequently we were forereaching into those immense seas, every one of which looked as if it *must* come crashing aboard. Fortunately there are two little ports in the fo'castle, opening onto the forward well deck, so we opened the leeward one and passed the end of the warp through that, and then aft, outside of everything, and made it fast to the drag.

We knew from experience that the weather bowsprit shroud would chafe the anchor rode; and it was while unscrewing the turnbuckle of this that I heard something roaring overhead. I looked up—and saw the Father and Mother of all seas rushing down upon us. From the look in its face it had evidently made up its mind that now was



Track chart, showing where *Northern Light* laid to a sea anchor, and her drift during the gale.

the moment to finish this impudent, little white boat; and as it charged in to kill, it bared its teeth and roared. I wrapped myself around the bitts and windlass and hoped that the drowning business wouldn't take long. Then the *Northern Light* gave a surge and a heave and lifted herself straight up the face of that avalanche and slid gracefully over its top. All that baffled sea could do was to spit spitefully in my face. After that we felt there was not much to worry about and we soon got the gear ready, stowed the jib and hove over the drag. As the strain came on we paid out the rope until we were riding to 45 fathoms, and the boat lay comfortably with the wind from 4 to 6 points on the bow and made good weather of it.

The hourly barometer readings from noon to 4 p.m. are as follows: 29.46—29.34—29.30—29.28—29.27, and during all this time the wind and sea continued to increase. At 1 p.m. all the trisail mast-ropes or beckets carried away and all we could do about it was to put on preventer lashings to the tack and sheet. At 4 p.m. the wind fell away suddenly in a most uncanny manner and the sea immediately began to run higher than ever, until at 6 o'clock we got a terrific squall out of the N.W., and half an hour later it had settled down to blow harder than ever from the new quarter.

At 8 p.m. the glass began to rise at last, and as usual we then began to feel the full strength of the wind. I have not often seen it blow harder than it did that night, and the confused sea resulting from the change of wind was awful. But through it all the boat, bless her heart, behaved as if she liked it all. The rush of wind through her rigging and spars made her tremble and vibrate, and at times, when she fell off a bit, she lay over till her lee rail was dipping. But all the time she gave one the impression that she had the situation well in hand, and she fought her battle more bravely than any boat I have ever been in.

Weston Martyr and the sea anchor which did such good service

Our anchor warp stood out over the bow like an iron bar and we were glad that we had parcelled it carefully where the chafe came, for the strain on it was awful. It tore the chocks clean out of the bow, wore the solid oak rail down an inch and a half, and the chafing gear expended was five gunny sacks, two bath towels, several pieces of canvas and a coir door mat.

At 2 a.m. on the twentieth, the gale began to moderate a little and down in the cabin one could hear, coming through the howl of the wind, the roar of the seas breaking; and when this happens it means that the worst of the blow is over. At 10 a.m. things began to look more cheerful. The sun came out, the glass rose to 29.79 and the gale was evidently blowing itself out. After another hour, with a strong northeasterly wind and a heavy sea, we hauled in our sea anchor and under storm jib, foresail and reefed trisail continued our passage to the west'ard.

During the gale the boat behaved splendidly and not once did she allow any green water to come aboard. The port, through which we had passed the anchor rope, was left open all the time, and the water that came through it would not have filled a teacup. Down below it was always dry and comfortable and had we been able to make our stove draw there would have been absolutely nothing to grumble at. As it was, we certainly felt the bitter cold; but all in all our experience confirms Captain Voss' contention that a small boat, be she well found and properly handled, will ride out any gale to a sea anchor *in comfort*.

Before the change of wind on the nineteenth (by no means the worst period of the blow) we sighted a large fishing schooner, hove to under close reefed foresail. She was on our lee quarter, and while we were making a square drift she was fore-reaching a little, so that she eventually passed close ahead of us. This vessel was making exceedingly heavy weather of it, and we felt glad we were not aboard her, although she must have been three times our length. She took the seas green over her weather bow, time and time again, and I fear she is one of the two fishing vessels lost in that blow.

By midnight on the twentieth the wind had fallen light, with a heavy southeasterly swell running, and these conditions continued all night and next day. During this time it was interesting to observe the behavior of our sails. The *gaff* foresail slatted about violently, finally tearing the cleat to which the boom guy was made fast, clean out of the deck. But all the time the *jib-headed* mainsail held the wind, kept still and did its work quietly.

The night of the twenty-first we had unsettled weather, with squalls that kept us busy reefing and setting sail. By 6 a.m. on the twenty-second we were storming along to the westward under the small jib, foresail and close reefed mainsail. By this time, according to our reckoning, we ought to be sighting something somewhere around Cape Cod; but five days of calms, gales and head winds in the Bay of Fundy play the dickens with dead reckoning and we were feeling a little uneasy about our position. It was thick, of course; it always is on these occasions, and the shoals off Nantucket are always ready for business in a gale. So we kept the lead going and went ahead with the eyes of the watch striving to pierce through the murk and dirt of that typical southerly weather.

At 8.04 a.m. Ford raised his hand above his head and kept it there till 8.05, when he said, "Lightship right ahead; I think it's Pollock Rip," and although the lightship was labelled *Relief* in large letters, we picked up the buoys in the slue after a bit and knew we had made a good landfall after all. The shoals looked wicked and the wind against the tide was kicking up a desperate sea; but Ford said he knew the way by heart, so we decided to tackle the passage. We went through the slue in a gale of wind that was beginning to head us, with a wounded steering gear, and the weather as thick as a hedge. Pray do not think I am attempting to brag. Far from it. We were damned fools.

However, we got through at last, and went roaring along through the dirt, on compass courses, making lightship after lightship like a liner. At 3 p.m. we were beating up toward Vineyard Haven in a regular flame of wind, and the jib-halliards, waiting until we were ready to go about close inshore, carried away. As we boxed her around with the foresail we could see the bottom reaching up for our keel. We tacked inside the breakwater at last, with all Vineyard Haven folk down on the beach to watch us, and let go the big anchor; but the strength of the wind was such that we dragged it right across that sheltered haven, and the second hook just got a grip in time to keep our stern off the rocks.

Thus our passage ended. It was a rough one, but we had come through all right and our boat had proved herself to be all and more than we had expected. Bless you, *Northern Light*, you are a perfect little ship; and how I wish you belonged to me.

Northern Light will be one of the starters in the Bermuda Race where her performance will be watched with great interest. After what she went through on the passage from Shelbourne there is little doubt she will give a good account of herself if it breezes.—Ed.

All Set for the Bermuda Race

A Fine, Able Fleet of Schooners, Yawls and Ketches Ready to Start for the Islands

THREE weeks from the time this issue of YACHTING is out, the fleet will be gathering at New London for the Bermuda Race. The entries are mostly in (they do not officially close, however, until June 11th), the finishing touches are being put on the racers, crews are signed up and everyone is anxious for the starting gun, which goes at 1 p.m. June 21st. It will find at the line a fine fleet of boats, the pick of the coast of those craft suitable for the hard drive of 660 miles to the Onion Patch. The three divisions into which the sailing fleet has been divided are well filled, each making a nicely balanced class in which the outcome will be in doubt until the boats sweep across the finish line at St. David's Head. No one boat in any division seems to have an outstanding advantage and the Bermuda Cup, for all classes together on corrected time, may go to any one of the fleet.

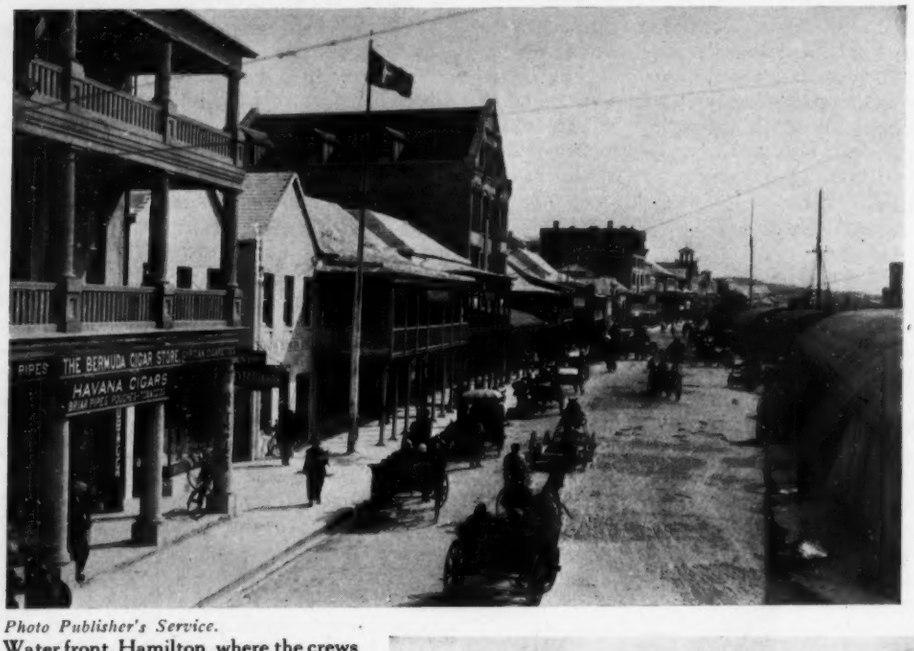
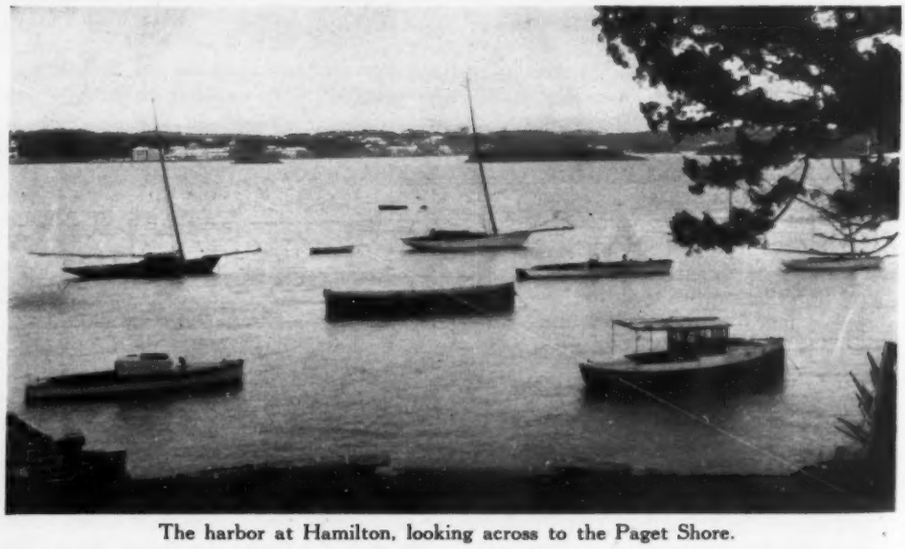


Photo Publisher's Service.

Water front, Hamilton, where the crews of the Bermuda race fleet will soon be enjoying Bermuda hospitality.

In Division A, the entry of such boats as the *Hathor, Fame,* the new *Flying Cloud, Memory, Blue Water* and *Quita* should make a close, fast race. In the smaller division, it is equally hard to pick a winner with *Primrose IV,* an Alden schooner, the *F.latonga* with a Marconi rig, the new *Northern Light,* the *Gauntlet* and *Dainty,* winner of the second prize last year, all driving like Western Ocean packets in a westerly gale. In the Fisherman's Class, C, there are five or six entries, any one of which is likely to flash across the finish line in the lead. Two of these, the *Berry* and the *Diablesse,* have crossed the Atlantic twice and will stand a lot of driving if it breezes. The *Sylvia II,* sailed by a Royal Bermuda Y. C. crew, will be driven for all there is in her and the *Vanguard* and *Micco* can be counted on to stay with the leaders, blow high, b'ow low. So there you are. Guesses are easy, but correct guesses are not so good.

A few words of advice regarding sailing the long ocean race may be acceptable, even if they are only a repetition of what we've said before. Long distance racing is quite different from short triangular events in that it is likely that for a good part of the long run the contestants have no other boat in sight. This almost inevitably means a let down on the part of the crew, as there is not the incentive to keep the boat going at her top speed that there is when competitors are in sight. It's easy for a crew to slump a bit; but to win, it means driving all the time. If winds are light and baffling, play your light sails for all there is in them. Do not hesitate to change sails if it is thought that another combination will give better results. If it breezes up and becomes necessary to reef, do not hold onto your reef too long when it lightens a bit. In most cases a crew will carry reefed sails long after the whole patch could be put back on her. Give her the rags just as soon as it eases off, even if you have to shorten again later.



The harbor at Hamilton, looking across to the Paget Shore.

Drive hard at night. This is when most of the crews let down a bit and you'll often be able to pick up miles on a faster craft if you let her swing all she'll carry through the darkness. In the Stream you are apt to get squalls and a lot of lightning at night, in June. Do not let this make you overcautious unless the lightning is near and the squall is traveling fast. The squalls may be a long way off and may miss you entirely. Allow three-fourths of a knot to one knot for the strength of the Gulf Stream.

(*Continued on page* 86)

Lotus, swinging idly at her anchor in Picton Harbor.

Loafing on *Lotus*

A Lazy Cruise Around Lake Ontario, With Some Pointers for Those Who May Follow in Her Wake

By CALVIN P. H. VARY

MEET the ship! The reason you are asked to meet the ship at the outset is because so many writers take us on delightful paper cruises, but omit to tell us whether we are aboard a sailing craft, a motor cruiser, or a runabout. We have to infer our immediate environment as the tale progresses and, not infrequently, near the end of the cruise, what we supposed was a schooner turns out to be a yawl, or possibly a converted sub-chaser. Therefore meet the ship!

Lotus is a 50-foot auxiliary schooner of the fisherman type, with 13 feet beam and 6 feet draft. She was built at Cleveland from designs by Hand and is powered with a 40-50 h.p., 4-cylinder, 4-cycle, heavy duty motor. She hails from Sodus Point, N. Y., on the south shore of Lake Ontario. Her name was chosen, not because it is short and pretty, but because Great Sodus Bay, one of the finest harbors on the Great Lakes, is also one of the very few places on this continent where the lotus flower grows in wild luxuriance. What more fitting name could be found for a dream ship hailing from the home of the dream flower? *Lotus*, indeed, realizes a dream of many years on the part of her skipper.

She has two cabins, each with its own companionway, separated from each other by a narrow strip of deck through which the mainmast passes. Each cabin has its own toilet facilities, while the galley is most complete and has full headroom. There are berths for seven people, including one in the forecastle.

Her rig is snug, with no bowsprit, and she is devoid of all the gewgaws and jimcracks which are erroneously supposed to adorn a yacht. Her only brass work on deck is the binnacle, and mahogany is conspicuous by its absence.

Now meet the crew! Here brass is more conspicuous and it isn't polished either. First, of course, comes Harry, the cook. First in the soup, first in the coffee and first in the hearts of his shipmates. Here's to Harry! Next to the cook in importance is the skipper. His name is Steve. He doesn't give a damn about variations and deviations. He merely glances at the chart, announces the course, somebody steers it and there you are. The funny thing about it is he hits the mark with marvelous accuracy.

Next comes "Doc." Doc is not only an M.D., he is also a D.M.—meaning, "Doughty Mariner." He sailed Lake Ontario before its present shore lines were established. He knows every islet and inlet and is especially familiar with the outlet which flows into the Province of Quebec, now known as the "Scotch Coast."

Then there is Jim. Jim served his apprenticeship as foremast hand on Lake Erie. By degrees he worked his way downward to cabin boy and, finally, shipped aboard *Lotus* as barkeep, in which capacity he had charge of the ginger ale, fizz water and ice. His ginger fizzes made one's mouth water—for something else.

Poor old Tom! He had to give up the cruise. Simply couldn't make it. But he showed up at the starting line just the same. He stayed with us two days and, very reluctantly, packed his grip and took the train for home. But he jammed a lot of joy into those two days.

Cal is a mathematician. He always was fussing with charts and dividers and parallel rules. He would dive into the cabin, spread out a chart, figure for half an hour and finally announce that the course was N. E. by E. "All right," said Steve, "make it E. N. E." And Steve would be right.

This is the history of a breezeless ten-day cruise around Lake Ontario, a cruise of 450 miles, of which not more than 50 were made under sail alone. Throughout the ten days the barometer never fell below 29.84 nor rose above 30.08. Don't imagine, ye salt water tars, that this was typical Great Lakes weather. On the contrary, these fresh-water seas are often boisterous enough for anybody. And when they are nasty a good ship is a prime requisite, for you can't run before a gale until the gale is spent. Whichever way you go, there always is shore not many miles ahead.

The cruise actually began on July 4 at 6:55 a.m., when *Lotus* slipped her mooring in Great Sodus Bay and headed westward along the southern shore. Once outside the harbor the motor was speeded up to 425 r.p.m. and she settled down to her cruising speed of 7½ knots. Immediately Jim was observed to pace briskly about the deck, casting anxious glances aloft. "Smatter, Jim," called

Tied up to the wharf at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Steve. Jim said he understood it was the prime duty of the barkeep to catch the sun over the yardarm and he was trying to find some place on the ship where he could perform that feat. Finally, leaning far out from the starboard shrouds, he yelled, "I've got him over the yardarm, skipper!"

"Do your duty," said the skipper curtly. Jim did it.

The south shore of Lake Ontario is a continuous procession of summer resorts, large and small, and a cruise along shore brings one within hailing distance of most of them. And don't imagine, ye salt water tars, that the Great Inland Seas are a whit behind the procession in the matter of bathing costumes. With only two binoculars aboard, some of us may have overlooked something, but I doubt it.

Thus we passed in succession Pultneyville, Irondequoit, Charlotte (the port of Rochester), Manitou and, by noon, had Braddock's Point Light abeam. Here Harry announced lunch and we went below to soup, salad, cheese and coffee. The cheese was served with dog biscuits, by courtesy called "water crackers." Tom wrestled with one for a few moments and proposed that we stop the ship and play poker to see who could win all the false teeth aboard.

Passing Oak Orchard and Lakeside Park, two more of the endless chain of summer camps, we came abreast of Thirty Mile Point with its massive stone lighthouse and, at the end of the first dog watch, Harry once more sounded the mess call. There was no wind, so the motor was stopped and we let her drift while all hands went below to dine. We were already in sight of Olcott Beach, our destination for the day, and a motor boat whose crew had been watching us from the harbor, put out to ask if we were in need of assistance. "Got any digestive tablets aboard?" shouted Jim. "That's what we need most." "Doc" went forward to explain to the motor boat lads that we merely had stopped for dinner, when he caught his toe under the jib sheet and saved himself from going overboard by grabbing the fore rigging. "That was a narrow escape," remarked Steve, but Tom replied, "Never worry about Doc; he'd have been drowned long ago if God Almighty had ever let go his coat collar."

The harbor at Olcott isn't big enough for a yacht like *Lotus* to anchor with sufficient scope, so we made fast to the heel of the east pier and spent the evening amid the firecrackers and red fire of the juvenile population. We planned two short runs for July 5, so our start was deferred until 8:45 a.m. in order to get breakfast out of the way. At 11:15 the light westerly wind shifted to north and, as the motor was skipping, we shut it down and made sail while we cleaned the gasoline screens. Progress was slow, however, and at 11:45 the motor was started again, behaving itself as a good motor should.

In the meantime Jim had been repeating his antics of the previous forenoon until Tom finally inquired "Why not rig the yardarm with a universal joint so you can get the sun over it any old time?"

"Doc" was the official photographer of the trip and he came aboard laden with a camera and films enough for a polar expedition, but his first act was to stow his photographic outfit where he couldn't find it. Vainly he searched until, just as we were passing Niagara Shoal Buoy and heading into Niagara River, he found his camera in the shoe locker. Then he got busy, shooting the unshot and the half-shot with perfect impartiality.

Shortly after noon *Lotus* was made fast to the wharf at Niagara-on-the-Lake and, after lunch, Tom bade us good-bye, crossed the river and took a trolley up the gorge to Niagara Falls, where he caught a train for home. The Niagara River is navigable for about ten miles above its mouth. There is a moderate current, but the water is deep—nearly 100 feet all the way—with plenty of water close to either bank. The banks are high and often wooded and the trip up-stream to Lewiston is most picturesque.

Replenishing our supply of ice and gasoline we left Niagara-on-the-Lake at 3:50 p.m., bound for Toronto. About 2 bells in the first dog watch Harry stuck his head up the main hatch and inquired "How long do you give a chicken?" "Thirty days" promptly answered Cal, while Jim remarked "That ought to make her tender."

The run from Port Niagara to Toronto was made through a thick haze so that, for some time, no shore was visible; but the skipper, with unerring orientation, announced the course and we made the south entrance to Toronto Harbor without difficulty and, at 7:30 p.m., anchored off the sumptuous home of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. This club, probably, is the livest fresh water yacht club in existence. One of its directors informed us that its membership is 2,000, while its annual turnover amounts to $350,000. With great persistence it has nurtured and developed sailormen. In order to encourage young men to become boat owners the club assumes, when necessary, a liberal share of the cost of a new boat. It merely stipulates that the boat shall be built to one of its one-design classes and, in case the owner ever desires to sell, the club shall have the option of buying at a predetermined price. In this way young lads are helped to become both sailors and owners, and the lads of to-day will be keen to maintain the Club's traditions when they become the substantial citizens of to-morrow.

Lotus remained at anchor off this hospitable shore all

Trying to pick up the south entrance of Toronto Harbor through the haze.

the next day, her crew renewing the pleasant acquaintances they had made during the Class R races in September, 1922, when the Royal Canadian yacht, *Scrapper II*, raced at Cleveland for the supremacy of the Great Lakes.

Next morning, not too early, we slipped out of the harbor through the West Channel, bound across the head of the lake for Port Dalhousie. Once outside, we found a light east wind, but considerable sea left over from a stiff breeze of the night before. The beam sea caused the yacht to roll so much that we soon made sail to steady her, but we relied upon the motor for headway.

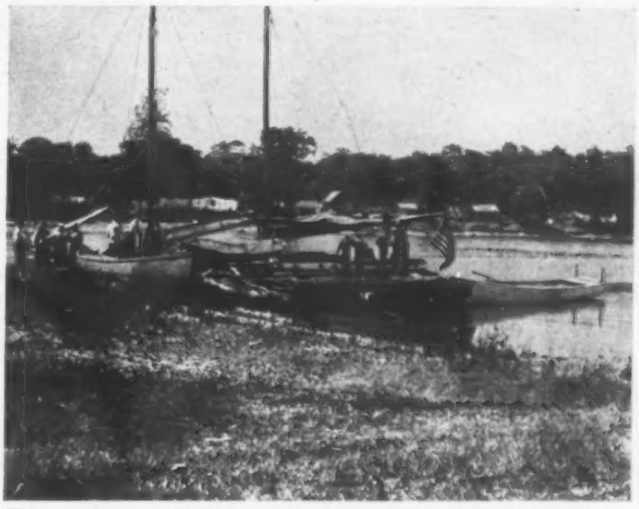
Port Dalhousie is the northern terminus of the Welland Canal which connects Lakes Erie and Ontario. The present canal is the second which has been built between these lakes and a third one is under construction with locks and prism which will accommodate ships of trans-atlantic size.

Our skipper is strong on "stores and supplies" and we lay in Port Dalhousie four hours while he collected enough to last us to the coast of Labrador if we decided to go that far. Jim insisted he could see the ship settle by the head as the stuff went down the fore hatch and he predicted that, henceforth, the propeller would be nothing but a fan.

From Port Dalhousie our course lay to Hamilton, Ont., the westernmost port on the lake, where at 8:30 p.m. we let go the hook near the head of Burlington Bay amid the fleet of the Royal Hamilton Yacht Club. The club steward promptly put off in a skiff to inquire if there was anything needed in the way of "stores and supplies." Steve seized the megaphone to give him a liberal order, but Jim interposed with "Cut it out, Steve. I didn't ship as barkeep on a submarine and that's where we'll be if you stick any more stuff down the fore hatch."

In Burlington Bay the city of Hamilton possesses a fine harbor, but the entrance is through a narrow dredged channel between two piers. This channel is spanned by two drawbridges, one of which is ancient and by no means a fast worker. If you have occasion to enter the harbor, take it easy or you may lose a spar against this reluctant bridge.

With everything made snug, all hands turned in early as we had a run of a hundred miles straightaway on the morrow. Sunday morning, the skipper was astir early, but he found no wind, so he let us sleep until 6 bells. Then he turned us out and, in 15 minutes, we were under way. We cleared the narrow channel entrance at 7:45 and laid a course for Cobourg, 95 miles distant on the Canadian shore. This turned out to be a lazy trip. With sails furled and awnings set, we skirted the Canadian shore all day. Jim was the only busy man aboard, trying



The population of Fisherman's Cove, Main Duck Island, came down to see the *Lotus*.

frequent variations on his now famous ginger fizzes. Cal voiced a suspicion that, at some recent stopping place, Jim had managed to annex a potent brand of ginger, but Jim kept his own counsel, although his fizzes certainly improved. At 1:40 p.m. Whitby Light slid past, followed an hour later by Darlington. We had Port Hope abeam at 6:35 and at 7:25 were at anchor in Cobourg Harbor.

Cobourg Harbor is entirely artificial. It is nearly rectangular with its only entrance at southwest corner. It is little used except by the huge car ferries which tranport trainloads of freight—cars and all—to and from Rochester. We anchored in the southeast corner of the harbor, which appeared also to have a corner on most of the sewage of Cobourg. Presently, however, a pair of bathing nymphs tripped down the pier and Steve began to sing "Brighten up the corner where we are." But their gaze was riveted on a group of soldiers in kilties farther down the pier and they passed us by, as well as up.

Monday found us under way at 7:40 a.m. headed for Proctor Point, which projects well into the lake and beyond which, to the eastward, lies the entrance to Presque Isle Bay. About 9:30 we met up with some fishermen overhauling their nets. We ran carefully alongside and found they were taking whitefish, trout and burbot. At Steve's request they tossed aboard a couple of whitefish and a trout so lively that Harry had to fall on them to prevent their jumping overboard.

(*Continued on page* 68)

The skipper, scrutinizing the mermaids.

Going through Murray Canal into the Bay of Quinte.

West Island had a bow like a Cape Cod Cat.

West Island was a double ender, with a Norwegian stern and outboard rudder.

West Island—a Cousin of the *Roaring Bessie*

An Old Time Model With Many Interesting Features Worth Studying

By SAMUEL WETHERILL

CRUISERS come, and cruisers go, but the good ship *West Island*, now some thirty-odd years old, seems to be capable of going on forever. For when I bought her, three years ago, she was as sound as the proverbial dollar; and she still cavorts around anywhere between New Haven and Nantucket, seemingly good for many more seasons under the skillful handling of her salty young skipper, red-headed "Hank" Meneely.

I bought *West Island* for several reasons, among them being that I wanted a small cruiser, I wanted a cheap boat, and last but not least, I was very much interested in the double-ender type. And when John Alden told me that he had often seen her off Sakonnet when he was a youngster, making fine weather of it in all kinds of hard chances, I lost no time in making her mine.

The history of *West Island* is not complete—probably never will be. From the best information I can gather, she was built by one Benjamin Briggs of Westport, Mass., somewhere around 1892, for use as a tender at a fishing club at West Island, off Sakonnet.

She is a double-ender in type, 31 ft. o. a., 30 ft. w. l., 10 ft. 6 in. beam, and 3 ft. 6 in. draft aft, and has a large centerboard for windward work. She has a bow like a Cape Cod cat, a Norwegian stern, and sections very similar to the shoaler-bodied Norwegian double-enders. Her ballast is all inside, and consists of iron and lead pigs. Frames and planking are of native Rhode Island oak and cedar, galvanized fastened, and she has the prettiest pair of Oregon pine sticks that anyone could ask for.

There is little doubt that old Ben Briggs got his inspiration for *West Island* from the Block Island schooners, those famous seaboats of which *Roaring Bessie*, built by the late Martin Erisman about 1912 from the lines of the *Lena M.*, is the last remaining specimen. Briggs put on the catboat bow because *West Island* was to be used for landing at docks. He shoaled up the underbody because of the shoalness of the waters in the harbor at West Island. And the "double cat," or modified Block Island rig, was adopted probably because of its being the fashion on similar craft—for the bowsprit shown in the photos was put on by Hank, a change I had figured on making to offset a strong weather helm, but did not make because of selling her before the opportune moment arrived.

"Hank" Meneely, *West Island's* second red-headed skipper.

Her cabin plan, when I bought her, was the acme of simplicity—two long transoms, with lockers forward and aft of each and a toilet and wash basin aft on the port side. A 15-gallon water tank was strapped up under the forward deck. I added a coal stove on the port side aft, a food locker, and fixed up two transom berths on the starboard side and one on the port, making her a three-man cruiser with five feet headroom.

Her cockpit is large, comfortable, and at one time was self bailing. In her later years a big 2-cylinder, 2-cycle Lathrop of 16 H.P. was installed under the cockpit floor, with a box over it. This power plant turned an immense 3-bladed wheel, towboat type, which was a terrible drag. Hank Meneely removed the whole outfit and closed up the hole in deadwood. It made an immense improvement in her sailing.

I sailed *West Island* for a short season, but never had the time to make the changes in wheel and rig which I contemplated, and which Hank made when he bought her. Nevertheless, I used her enough, combined with a sail I had in her last summer, to find that she had a number of unusual points seldom found in other types of cruising craft.

She was a remarkable rough water performer, going to windward well, and with the easiest motion I have ever known in a boat of her size. She was stiff, and sailed at a very small angle of heel—on her bottom, and not

(*Continued on page* 66)

Yacht *Ohio* Completes Long Voyage

Does Eighteen Months of Cruising During Which She Covers Over 50,000 Miles

WHEN the Diesel powered yacht *Ohio* came into port at New York on May seventh, feeling her way through a thick fog in which radio bearings on several of the coast radio stations made an accurate landfall possible, she completed one of the longest, and in some respects one of the most remarkable, voyages ever made in the space of eighteen months by a yacht of this size. For since she left the Atlantic coast in November, 1922, soon after she had left the builder's yard and had made some short cruises along the coast, she has covered over 50,000 miles, including a passage across the Pacific and back. To do this she had to average 2,800 nautical miles per month for the entire period, which shows that she was not idle or laid up any of the time and did not give the barnacles much of a chance to collect on her bottom. Very few, if any, yachts can show such a sustained cruising record.

The *Ohio* is owned by Mr. Edward W. Scripps of West Chester, Ohio, who was aboard her during much of the long cruise. She was built in 1922 by the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Co., from designs by Cox & Stevens, and launched in September of that year. She is 172 feet in length over all, not a large vessel for such cruising as she did, with 26 feet beam and 11½ feet draft. She is full Diesel-powered, with two 350 h.p. 6-cylinder Winton motors, which give her a sustained cruising speed of about 12 knots in good weather, and she has a cruising radius on one filling of her fuel tanks of 9,500 miles. Her accommodations and appointments are all that can be desired for a vessel for long ocean cruising.

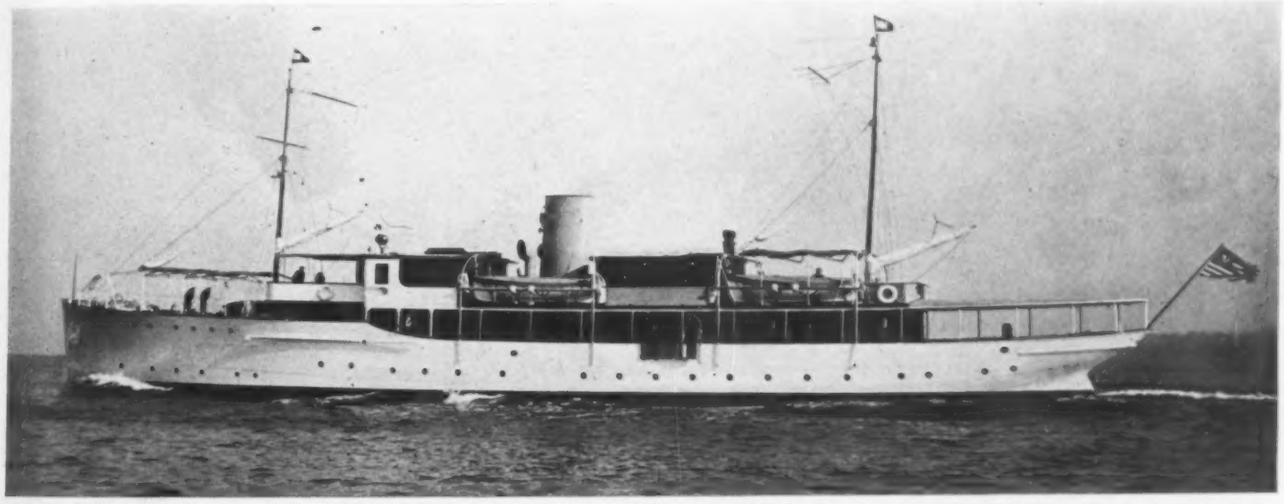
Leaving New York in November, 1922, the *Ohio* proceeded south, through the Caribbean and the Panama Canal and up the Pacific Coast to California. After remaining there a short time she left San Diego on March 8, 1923, for a Pacific cruise, which took in Japan, the China Coast, the Philippines, the East Indies, Northern Australia, the South Sea Islands, and back to San Diego. This voyage has already been described in YACHTING, but it may be noted that on it she covered 23,000 miles in the actual cruising time of three months and one day, averaging about 10.4 knots for the entire distance, in spite of some very heavy weather encountered, including a typhoon between Honolulu and Yokohama.

She returned to San Diego September 6, 1923, only to leave there September eighteenth, twelve days later, for a long trip down the Mexican coast, through the Canal again and around the West Indies, stopping at most of the larger islands, and the Windward and Leeward islands, to Trinidad. Thence she returned to San Diego, completing another cruise of 13,177 miles. She arrived back at San Diego on March 7, 1924. Still there was to be no rest for her, and on the twenty-fifth of that month she again left the California port for New York and made another long voyage of 5,694 miles, with seven calls on the way. In all this cruising she had no general overhauling, and yet she averaged better than 10 knots on this last long leg of her eighteen months of cruising. It is *some record* for a yacht to make.

The skipper, Captain M. G. Heimbrod, is enthusiastic over the little ship. Not only has she proved herself a fine sea boat under all conditions, but he says that throughout the long voyage the Diesel engines proved just as reliable as steam and much more economical, while the cruising radius is far greater than would be possible with a steam plant. He makes the assertion that it costs no more for fuel to keep the *Ohio* under way at sea than it costs to run her two gasoline launches around a harbor for an equal length of time—which speaks volumes for the economy of Diesel-propelled vessels.

It is probable that a European voyage will be made by the *Ohio* this summer, starting from this coast some time in June.

The long voyage of the *Ohio*, made without a breakdown or serious mishap of any kind, will go far to convince the most skeptical of the great advantage of Diesel engines over any other form of power for large yachts or for long cruises. Practically every yacht over one hundred feet in length built in this country during the past year has been Diesel powered. We can only recall one steam-powered yacht built in recent years in this country, and it looks as if steam for pleasure vessels is a thing of the past.



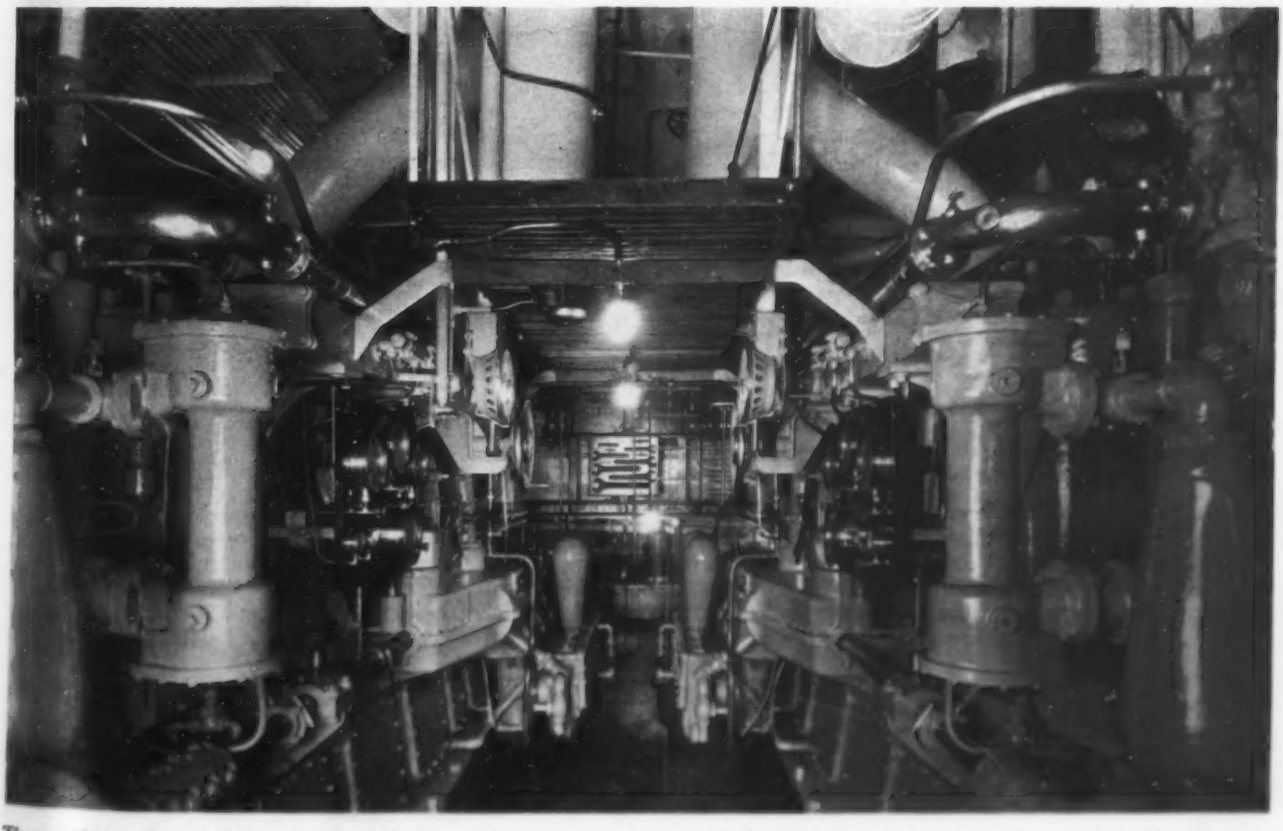
The Diesel yacht *Ohio*, owned by E. W. Scripps, which returned recently to New York after a cruise of over 50,000 miles, during which she twice crossed the Pacific. Very few yachts of this size (she is 172 feet in length) have ever cruised as extensively in this space of time.

The living room in the deck house of *Ohio* is wonderfully light, well-ventilated and comfortable for a sea-going yacht of this size.

A sheltered open-air vestibule for use in wet or windy weather.

The staterooms of *Ohio* are large and unusually attractive.

A corner of the Library, where great attention has been paid to the lighting, ventilation and furnishing.



The two 150 h.p. Winton-Diesel engines which drove *Ohio* on her recent cruise of eighteen months, during which she crossed the Pacific twice.

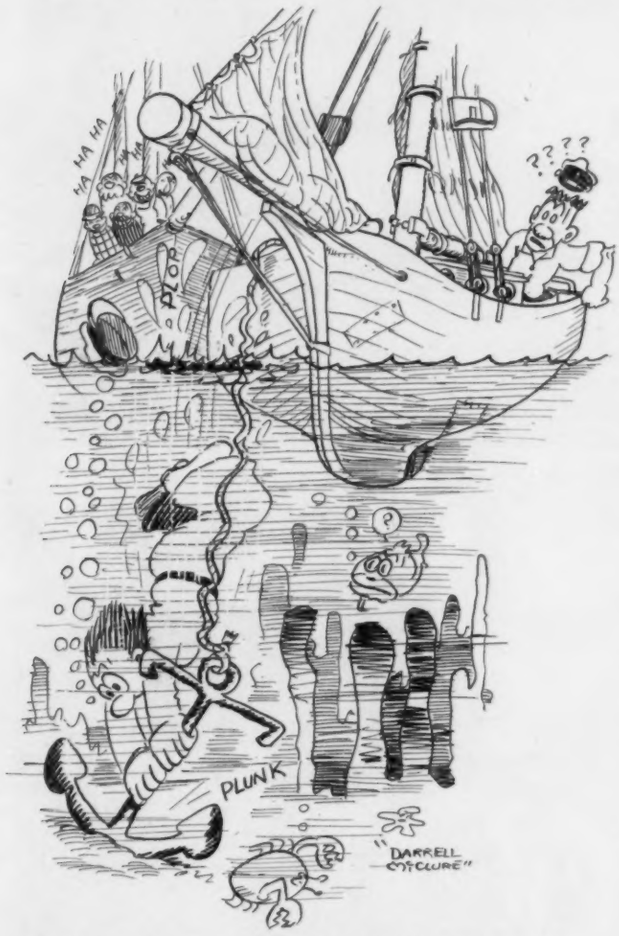
Storm

A Gay Head Fiasco Involving the Landlubbers Aboard the *Pretty Pickle*

By LLOYD MAYER

WITH but a brief initiation into the saline rites of blue water windjamming, my shipmate, Hal, and I, had weathered a dirty fog in Block Island Sound on the first leg of our initial vacation cruise aboard the *Pretty Pickle,* a sloop of ancient vintage, and were now at anchor in the welcome security of Great Salt Pond, after having been nearly rammed by a blundering side-wheeler outside, and having mysteriously avoided fatal contact with the long arm of the uncompromising breakwater on the way in.

It will be understood, therefore, when I affirm that we



"Held on to the damn anchor all the way down—blame near drowned."

sat down to breakfast in the cabin that eventful morning with an air of almost boastful assurance. The hour was an unconventional one for *petit dejeuner,* even afloat. It was 3:30 to be exact. But in cruising, when sleep is out of the question, as it was in our case when we had anchored and snugged down after that white night of peril, eating is always in order. We wolfed huge amounts of fluffy, golden scrambled eggs and crisp bacon; guzzled fragrant coffee hued to the pigment of yellow deck paint with evaporated milk, and burnt up half a loaf of bread on the trick toaster before we could remember to slide the pieces off in time.

Meantime we expounded our views on navigation in the light of our recent and only experience, coming to the inevitable conclusion that in sailorizing, as in all other trades, utter competence may be attained by the younger generation with surprising facility and none of the tiresome vicissitudes which we are constrained to believe assailed our forebears ere they grasped the laurels of success in their chosen professions.

Twenty-four hours previously we had looked upon Captain Josh Slocum's achievements on the deep with something like idolatry. Now we realized, in the knowledge of our own nautical prowess, the apparent simplicity of his adventures. Cabot and Columbus had nothing on us after that foggy baptism. And like them, we, too, sought new worlds.

As we puffed pipes and washed the dishes while the comforting little galley range hissed the last feeling of chill dankness from the cosy quarters, Hal suggested New Bedford as our next port of call. The more we discussed the project, the more alluring it seemed. We pictured the harbor with its piquant flavor of old whaling days, its picturesque mementos of the bravest calling that ever had its being upon the sea, its casual, dumpy barks romantic with memories of tropic lagoons and distant lands, its salty atmosphere and bold traditions.

Parked in our bunks, we slept away a quiet morning and the sudden weariness that had claimed us after breakfast pans and dishes had been washed and galley and cabin smarted up shipshape. When I snapped out of a five-hour doze, to find Hal gone ashore for supplies, the harbor scenery had been embellished by the arrival of a trim fisherman that had anchored close aboard. Her crew were lounging about the deck, silently smoking and expectorating not so silently. I graciously acknowledged their presence with an affable gesture which, to my grieved surprise, passed stolidly unacknowledged.

Giving our new neighbors no further thought for the time being, I was loafing on deck, casting what I supposed to be a critical eye at the *Pretty Pickle's* rigging, when my fictitious inspection was interrupted by a hail from the schooner, drawled in an amused voice:

"How old's that vessil o' yourn, Captin?" came the disconcerting query, terribly clear. I hesitated an instant before replying in as casual a tone as I could muster:

"Oh, about twenty, I guess."

"Hunh!" came the snorted rejoinder. "I thought she was sixty."

Immediately there was a chorus of ribald laughter from the speaker's rough companions. I disdained to bestow a glance in their direction as I sauntered aft and ducked below. But, somehow, I felt a vicarious sense of enormous insult, and coincident with it, there was born a championing sentiment of pride in our old boat.

The rhythmic beat of oars presently announced Hal's return in the dinghy. I went on deck to help him embark his purchases, which included a quart of those delectably corpulent scallops for which Block Island is justly famous and for which, incidentally, the simple natives of the place exact a price that would make even a New York middleman blush.

We lunched *al fresco* in the cockpit, luxuriously; and, after making all fair below, set about preparations for departure. A smart nor'wester which had blown all morning died out about noon, and was succeeded an hour later by the faithful old southwest wind, which can generally be relied upon in these waters for afternoon sailing.

Under the gaze of our critical audience aboard the fisher-

man, we hoisted the mainsail with creditable dispatch and loosed the jib ready for setting when the hook had been broken out. I went aft to the wheel when we had hove short, hopeful of making a snappy getaway. The anchor came easily and was nearly apeak when the *Pretty Pickle*, given the head of the jib, began to pay off, heeling gracefully. I had the wheel hard over and was shooting a killing glance of contempt in the general direction of the schooner when a despairing shout from Hal and his sudden disappearance from the foc'sle, snatched my composure in a trice. Mechanically I whirled the wheel up, bringing the sloop into the wind, and dodged forward in a panic of concern. What I saw was the cable, paying out like a bank teller in a run, while the *Pretty Pickle* slam-banged to leeward. And there wasn't a sign of Hal!

I took a turn on the bitts just before the bitter end snaked over the rail, and we fetched up with our stern fanning the fisherman's jibboom. Then I saw Hal reappear at the point where the anchor warp cleft the water. Gasping, hand-over-hand, he clambered up and aboard while I stared.

"Slipped, damn it," he coughed, spluttering salt water and expletives by the gallon. . . . "Held on to the damn anchor all the way down . . . blamed near drowned."

From the schooner floated wave on wave of unbridled, coarse mirth. It was positively disgusting.

Hal went below for a rub-down and I made haste to haul out of the vicinity of the fisherman, cursing the luck that had made us fair targets for the ridicule of her people. For, of course, it never entered my head to attribute the incident to aught but a nasty cuff from Dame Fortune. Our seamanship had been proven beyond the shadow of a doubt, but not even the oldest sailors were proof against Fate's bludgeonings.

When Hal came on deck again, sketchily attired, a fresh roar of laughter from the fisherman came beating up to windward. It spurred us to redoubled haste in getting under way, this time with complete success. A short hitch to the south'ard and we came about smartly, foaming toward the harbor entrance close-hauled with the lee rail awash, while the rousing old breeze freshened in skimming, darkening squalls and the sun shone comfortingly through the showering spray.

Glorious day! Marvelous boat! Wonderful, wonderful sea! The grim old walls of the breakwater flashed by and we laid our course for the bell that had so treacherously eluded us the night before. Plainly it showed and sounded now on this bright afternoon. Hal was below, plotting the course for Hen and Chickens with the air of a Grand Banks' veteran while I steered and payed out the main sheet as we bore away.

So, we learned another funny thing about sailing; namely, that it is sometimes as impossible to steer a base course with a fair wind as with a foul. When I steadied the wallowing *Pretty Pickle* on the elusive point indicated by Hal, we were running dead before a freshening breeze that had kicked up sea enough off Block Island to convert our sloop into a veritable "yawl." Of course the boom zoomed up and over, parting the weather runner like a cobweb and fetching up with snap of tautened, straining gear that sent a horrible tremor thrilling through us from stem to stern—us as well as the boat, I mean.

I saw the mast whip forward like a twanged bow, heard a crash from the galley and a lush stream of lyrical profanity gurgitating from my badly-scared shipmate who presently, making his way aft through the debris of the dinner dishes, emerged an empurpled countenance above the hatch combing and raged:

"Holy matrimony! Do you have to jibe her when I've got my face in a bucket of jelly, you fat-head scow pilot?"

Only then did I realize that Hal wasn't purple with anger, but with most of a pail of grape jam, and that what I had executed, or, rather, permitted, the *Pretty Pickle* to execute, was a very bad jibe, which might have proved fatal had our gear been less sound.

Desiring to avoid a repetition of the alarming incident, we made the course several degrees to the left of what we had been steering, intending to bring her 'round on the other tack when we should have fetched to within a few miles of the Rhode Island shore, which already loomed ahead, a smudge of misty blue dividing sea and sky.

Hal relieved me at the wheel, and when I came on deck again an hour or so later after one of those interludes of absolute unconsciousness which are among the pleasantest experiences in cruising, and which rest one more than the longest sleep ashore seems ever able to do, the brilliant afternoon had been etched into a sombre symphony of gray.

"The jib smoked to leeward."

A strong breeze under bright sunlight looks kindly auspicious as it whips foam from a following sea, but beneath dark skies the same fair wind invests the lunging surges with an ominous aspect, pregnant with grim foreboding. Against the flying cloud wrack to the nor'west we could descry the tenuous tower of Seaconnet light, now broad on the port bow. Accordingly we deemed it time to come about and lay our course for Hen and Chickens on the other tack.

The maneuver was deftly executed, as I knew it would be in the absence of onlookers, and we were soon squared away and racing for the goal.

Had we been more nautically sophisticated, it is conceivable we might have realized the significance of those scurrying clouds that seemed endlessly hastening to an appointed rendezvous in the northwest, where they bunched in a threatening array. But not until we jibed again (this time Hal was responsible) did we sense the fact that the wind was edging steadily around to that quarter and as steadily increasing.

When we picked up the lightship, almost under the bowsprit (a satisfying testimonial to our navigation, even if it were an accident), it was blowing like Hell's bellows, west-nor'west, and we were alternately skidding heavenward and nose-diving through a boiling sea. At this point, again, had we been better acquainted with the moods of Neptune and the god of storms, it is possible we might have had the acumen to reef.

But not until the jib smoked to leeward with the report of a fair-sized cannon cracker on the Glorious Fourth, did we realize that one can't always carry sail with impunity, even on the ablest craft. Losing the jib was a terrible jolt to our complaisance. Frankly I think it terrified both of us, or rather awakened the latent sense of fear born of the storm, and which we had throttled with a resolute false confidence mustered to disguise our feelings from each other. Even then we failed to realize the weight of the gale until we luffed into it and were swept clean by the crests of two great hastening seas that felled us, dizzy, in the cockpit and made the *Pretty Pickle* quiver like a Stambul muscle dancer. Above the staccato crackling of the shuddering mainsail the whine of the gale rose in a maniacal crescendo. Alternately filling away and luffing into it, skimming the storm cream from the running surges with dipping bowsprit, the *Pretty Pickle* spilled to leeward while we cowered in the streaming cockpit, dazed and unnerved.

Hal was the first to get his bearings. "Douse the mainsail!" he yelled through cupped hands, held close to my ear, yet his voice sounded thin as an echo in the rage of the blow. Stupidly I staggered forward, lurched for the support of a slack backstay and plunged an inept leg through the glazed skylight as I sprawled helpless on the house. Hal wriggled past, cursing, and before I had pulled my errant limb from the wreckage of glass, the mainsail came thrashing down.

I grabbed armfuls of stubborn, tugging canvas as it ballooned overboard; released them to scramble aft for stops; had the stops whipped from my trembling hands as I prisoned the recalcitrant, bellying folds of crazy sail again and was almost spent with futile effort when Hal appeared alongside and together we managed a haphazard stow. Meanwhile we drove.

There is probably no sensation quite like that of battling wind and water in a small boat. It is fearful and exhilarating, especially when one hasn't the remotest idea of what to do next, which was precisely our situation. Instinctively we knew we ought to reef, and we shared a few vague notions on the subject. How alarmingly vague they were we only realized when we were face to face with the problem of actually doing the job.

We were a bad two hours about it, if such a thing is conceivable to a sailor, and when we knotted the final reef points in the third row, it was only after half a dozen maddening false finishes in which we discovered, only in the nick of time to avoid ripping the sail, that we had tied firsts to thirds, seconds to firsts, and thirds to seconds in various places.

Darkness came whirling down on the wings of the gale, which seemed in the sombre dusk to be gathering renewed fury with every spiteful squall that screamed out of the black nor'west. When we had hoisted the bit of mainsail, which made an infernal racket as it slatted aloft, we attempted to bring the *Pretty Pickle* to the wind, and only then did the crushing gravity of our plight dawn upon us in its complete significance.

There are many sloops that will work to windward neatly under a close reefed mainsail, but the *Pretty Pickle*, gallant craft that she is, cannot be filed in this category. Despairing search of the grubby foc'sle for a possible storm jib, in fact any rag of old headsail, was fruitless. Meanwhile we drove.

Far to windward, now, the guiding beacon of the lightship edged along the murky void of sky, to merge presently with a faintly luminous glow, the reflected lights of New Bedford, far away.

Despairingly we watched that patch of luminous sky, so symbolic of a light burning in the window of home; watched it grow dimmer and disappear. Then, alone in the darkness of storm, we bethought us, very logically, of lee shores, wreckage and unpleasant things that are sometimes cast up by the sea.

"It's no damn good funking the business," croaked Hal in a weary voice that strove in vain for a ring of heartiness. He had crawled on deck after a profound scrutiny of the chart. "We've got to run for a lee, that's all," he continued.

"Where?" I questioned, dubiously.

"Gay Head."

"Is there a harbor?"

"No!" savagely, from Hal. "But any land between us and this hell of wind's a refuge, isn't it? It's a cinch we can't be particular," he finished bitterly. . . .

Somehow, we got the *Pretty Pickle* squared away again, and even with the rag of canvas we were carrying, she sped like a ghost ship through that welter of wind-lashed, writhing sea; raced on until the great sleepless eye of Gay Head light winked out of the clinging night ahead, rekindling the flame of hope in our hearts.

Despite our apparent speed through the tumbling seas, it seemed an eternity before we had brought it abeam, and deemed it safe to begin edging in for the shelter of the high land.

We stood on until, suddenly, the rush of wind was stilled to a murmur like the faint thundering of distant surf. Then, very simply, we rounded to and let go the anchor, an expression which could be taken quite literally had we not had the forethought to belay the bitter end of the warp, for the mudhook hung useless, straight up and down after the entire scope had run through the chock.

Here was an unforeseen eventuality, but with the resourcefulness born of desperation, we began bending odds and ends of old line to the cable.

"The bottom's down there somewhere," hissed Hal as we worked. "We're bound to reach it if we don't come to the end of our rope." The absurdity of the remark was heightened by the dead earnestness of his tone. But I didn't see anything ludicrous in the statement at the time. If I had, I probably wouldn't have lived to tell the tale.

When the anchor did eventually get hold, it was at the end of some 40 fathoms of cable as rich in knots as a lead line.

While we were sheltered from the wind, and at anchor, in a manner of speaking, our position was by no means a comfortable one. Contrary to our expectations, with the attainment of the lee there had come little or no corresponding moderation of the sea, which continued to undulate beneath us in great, restless surges which tossed us as unceasingly as when we had been exposed to the full brunt of the storm, threatening, each instant, to tear the mudhook from its hold.

But, spent with exertions as we were, the grim haven to which we had won appeared almost good enough in the circumstances. We made shift to stow the sail, hung a riding light in the rigging, devoured a midnight supper and turned in for a repose that proved as profound, while it lasted, as any that could be inspired by complete weariness ashore in the most conventional environment imaginable. . . .

I was being rudely shaken. Grumpily I demurred, nudging into my blankets obstinately, muttering drowsy imprecations. Then I became horribly aware of Hal's voice. He was chattering.

(*Continued on page* 66)

Taormina, a new 120-foot steel power cruiser, owned by William S. Eaton of Boston, who formerly owned the schooner of that name.

Taormina, a 120-foot Steel Power Cruiser

FOR many years Mr. William S. Eaton of Boston has been sailing his fine schooner yacht *Taormina*, built for him by Lawley in 1906. It was therefore something of a surprise when he sold this schooner last year and placed an order with George Lawley & Son for a new power cruiser. While Mr. Eaton parted with the schooner, he did not part with her name and the new boat, which was launched at Lawley's yard on April 17th, also bears the name *Taormina* on her stern.

The new yacht represents the very latest in pleasure yacht construction and she is a credit not only to her builders but to Fred D. Lawley, who prepared the design. Her dimensions are 120′ over all length; 19′ 6″ beam; 8′ 8″ draft. The hull is built of steel with teak decks and houses. She is unusually roomy and is laid out with great attention to comfort and convenience.

There is a spacious dining saloon in the forward deckhouse, above which is an enclosed pilot house and chart room. In the after deckhouse is a combined smoking-room and library with stairway leading to the owner's quarters below. In the latter are five staterooms with toilet and bath connecting with each.

Taormina sliding down the ways at Lawley's yard.

Watching *Taormina* go overboard. Left to right: Mrs. John Homans, Jr., William S. Eaton, Miss Nancy Homans.

The power plant consists of two Winton engines of 200 h.p. each, driving twin screws. The fuel tank capacity is 2500 gallons, which will give the *Taormina* a wide cruising radius. The hull is beautifully moulded with high flaring bows and a graceful overhanging counter aft. Her profile is unusually handsome.

The customary christening ceremony was dispensed with and the boat slid down the ways minus her champagne bath. After the trial trips a cruise was made in Chesapeake Bay. Mr. Eaton is a member of the New York and Eastern Yacht Clubs.

Launching the auxiliary schooner *Bertha Frances* at Waddell's yard, Rockport, Mass. She is 49 feet long over all and was designed by McManus, who has turned out many famous Gloucester fishermen, for Hobart Ford, of Rye, N. Y.

Big Regatta at Buffalo in August

What promises to be one of the outstanding power boat regattas of the year will be staged by the Buffalo Launch Club on August 14th, 15th and 16th. Three events will be run off in three heats each, the first race each day being a 25-mile heat for the Interstate Trophy given by the National Association of Boat and Engine Mfrs. Boats in this race must have minimum dimensions of 25′ x 5′ and be powered with marine engines not exceeding 625 cu. in.

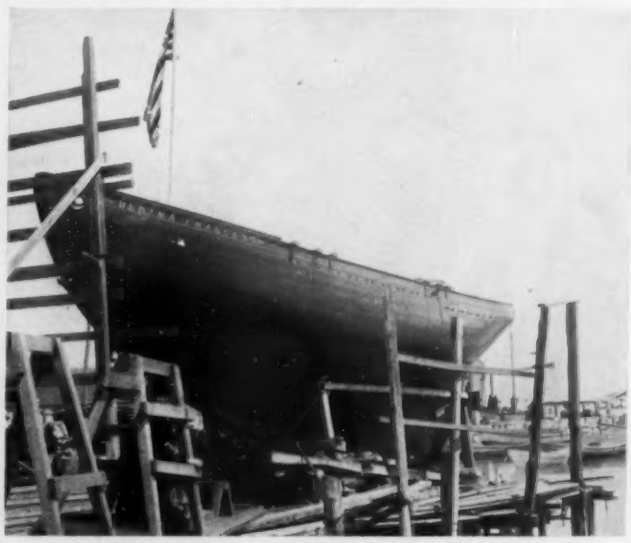
The second event each day will be a 50-mile heat for the Fisher Gold Trophy, for boats 32 ft. long and maximum engine displacement of 1075 cu. in., and the third race will be a 20-mile heat for the Commodore George Leary, Jr., Trophy, for boats of a minimum length of 20 ft. and maximum engine displacement of 1100 cu. in.

As a climax, the club has planned one big bang-up race for Sunday, August 17th, to be known as the Buffalo Launch Club's $5000 Sweepstakes Race, the distance being 100 miles. The boats in this race must have minimum dimensions of 25′ x 5′, and maximum engine displacement of 1075 cu. in.

Another Ocean Race

Still another long distance ocean race has been scheduled to wind up a season in which many events are to be sailed that will take the contestants over ocean courses. This is a race over a new course, starting from Morris Cove, New Haven, going out around Montauk Point, and finishing off Atlantic City. The race will be run in connection with a pageant to be held at Atlantic City the first week of September, the start being from Morris Cove the Saturday following Labor Day, which will be September 6th. The race will be under the management of the New Haven Yacht Club and the Atlantic City Yacht Club, the former club handling the start and the latter club the finish. The finish line will be outside of the inlet to Atlantic City, and pilots will be provided when desired to take the boats through the inlet into the harbor at Atlantic City. From nine to ten-foot draft can be taken in at low tide.

Full details of the race have not been worked out as yet, but classes will be provided for sloops, schooners and auxiliaries. The course is a particularly good one and should appeal to those who want some ocean racing



Bertha Frances before she went overboard at Rockport.

The auxiliary schooner yacht *Sealove*, owned by J. W. Bird, of New York, taking the water at the yard of her builder, Robert Jacob, City Island. She was designed by J. G. Alden.

and cannot get away for any great length of time.

The distance is approximately 200 miles and owners can leave their boats at Atlantic City during the week following their arrival and sail them back next week-end. The committee is working on the details of the race now, and these will be announced in the next issue of YACHTING.

Star Class for Indian Harbor

The Indian Harbor Yacht Club is one of the latest organizations to take up boats of the Star Class, and the fleet which the members of this club is getting together will bring up the size of the Western Long Island Sound Star Fleet to the largest raced anywhere. It is probable that as many as fifty of these boats will be seen in some of the Sound regattas this summer. The Indian Harbor members are planning to get six new Stars, orders having been placed with the New England Boat Works for this number, and six or more existing boats will be purchased, bringing the club fleet up to a dozen or so. In addition to racing in the regular Sound regattas, the club will hold Sunday races for the Stars.

This is the latest *Malabar*, No. 5, built by J. G. Alden for his own use.

The Star Class in Hong Kong, China. This is the *Mee Sing*, owned by F. D. Tracy, who may race in the Star Class International Championship in 1925.

There are many good sailors in the Indian Harbor Y. C., and they should make it interesting for the older Star boat owners, but it may be said, also, that these newcomers to the class are going up against the stiffest kind of competition, and won't have an easy course to follow—not by a jug-full.

In Hong Kong, China, the Star *Mee Sing* has made converts to the class, and her owner, F. D. Tracy, writes that several more probably will be built there for next season's racing. A picture of this boat sailing in Hong Kong Harbor is shown in this issue.

Jib-Headed Facts *Versus* Fancies

Why the Tall, Narrow, Gaffless Sail Is the Most Effective on the Wind

By JOHN G. HANNA

THERE is not, as far as I know, a more skilled, courageous and indefatigable sailer of small boats now living than Mr. Weston Martyr. I have the highest regard for his accomplishments in his own special field. Nevertheless, in his article in the April issue explaining and defending the jib-headed sail there are several grave errors of logic and mathematics which should not be allowed to go uncorrected. If one puts to sea without taking departure one will be hopelessly lost. Likewise, readers who have taken incorrect statements and diagrams as a basis of argument or belief cannot get anywhere but into a tangle of contradictions.

I hold no brief for either jib-head or gaff-head sail. It is my purpose to limit this article strictly to known facts of record—demonstrated facts acknowledged by all men, and not theories, hypotheses, guesses or assumptions of any kind. I shall not, with one exception, express any opinion or belief of my own. If these facts displease any ardent advocate of either type of sail, I trust he will pour out his wrath, not on my innocent head, but on the scientists who discovered the laws of mathematics and aerodynamics.

The first statement that needs revision is this: "The most important fact to be taken into consideration is that the tall, narrow sail is more effective on the wind than the low, broad form. Consequently, to secure the same degree of power, a smaller area of sail is necessary with the jib-headed rig than is required by the gaff sail. Thus it *is* possible to get an effective area of sail without excessive length of spar."

The conclusion does not follow. Certainly no boat can be rated on the wind alone. At the very worst, averaging winds and courses as they come, she will not be close-hauled more than half the time—probably less. And, as Mr. Martyr admits, both forms of sail are equally effective before the wind. Therefore, unless a jib rig has practically as much canvas as a gaff rig, any gain on the wind by greater efficiency will be lost off the wind by inadequate area, and the jib rig *must* spread practically as much canvas (*at the cost of much longer spars*), otherwise it can neither win a closed circuit race from an equivalent, gaff-rigged boat, nor make as long a day's cruise through varying winds. Is any other conclusion possible?

Secondly, Mr. Martyr's Fig. 3 is open to criticism in that, while the angle at the luff is correct, the drawing indicates, and his words assert, that the pressure is greatest at the luff. Whereas, every sailor knows full well that the luff of a sail is the first part to begin to flutter if one holds too close to the wind, showing the weakness of the pressure here. What benefit is it if the pressure is right in *direction*, so long as in *amount* it is so utterly weak that it can barely hold the cloth steady, and is lost completely at any least error in steering? The fact is, as thousands of measurements in the wind tunnel have proved, the greatest pressure on any curved surface inclined at a small angle to the wind comes not at the leading edge, or luff, but about one-third of the distance back from it. In fact, many airplane wings show no pressure whatever, but a downward suction, under the leading edge, and this condition is more apt to obtain on a sail because of the eddy caused by the mast.

How far airplane principles are applicable to a boat's sailing is debatable. I take no part in that debate. I am mentioning only the location of maximum pressure on a curved surface inclined at a small angle to the wind, a simple fact that could as easily be determined and proved if not a single flying machine had ever been built or even dreamed of. Those who wish to learn more of this distribution of pressure will find it explained in Reports of the National Physical Laboratory of Britain, Nos. 60, 72, 73; The Resistance of the Air and Aviation, G. Eiffel; Bulletin de l'Institut Aerotechnique de l'Universite de Paris, 1913; and in certain Smithsonian reports.

Thirdly, the least excusable part of Mr. Martyr's article is that highly imaginative Figure 5, with an impossibly narrow triangle to represent a jib-head sail and a pure rectangle to represent (sic) a gaff sail! It is claimed that this sketch "shows that the jib-header has nearly twice as much of that effective, forward driving area at the luff as has the gaff sail, while the latter rig gives the greatest proportion of leeward thrusting, retarding after area" (about five times as much, apparently). It really shows nothing of the sort, whatever it may show about rectangles on paper. It is entirely permissible and in fact necessary to select extreme limiting forms to discover qualitative tendencies, but it is not permissible to go beyond all limits of actuality into realms of pure fancy. Above all, it is not permissible in science or logic to deduce even roughly *quantitative* dicta from purely *qualitative* diagrams.

If we want a quantitative comparison, it can be worked out in this way. I select representative examples of actual sails from the same issue of this magazine. Mr. Wood's racing schooner has a sail with a luff 2.25 times the foot, and is as high as ever likely to be used, all other similar rigs pictured in that magazine being lower. For proportions of a gaff sail I choose that of *Malabar V*, a cruiser that can beat many racers. This sail is not nearly as high and narrow as gaff sails can be and often are, and the comparison therefore is not fair to the gaff, but let us waive that. These forms are drawn to scale and to equal area. Now the real measure of the power of these sails is of course not the length of the luff, but the total driving pressure. As we know the center of pressure is about one-third back, half the total is on the part of the sail forward of this line, and the other half on the parts aft. We may, therefore, assign a unit pressure value of 4 to the forward areas, 3 to the central areas, and 1 to the after areas, which correspond quite well with actually measured pressure distribution.

Multiplying all areas by their respective power values, and adding the products, we get a total pressure value of 901 for the gaff sail and 960 for the jib-header—a theoretical advantage of *less than 7 per cent* for the jib-head sail. Even this advantage disappears if we deduct the area above the line AB, as we must, for it has been proved by many measurements that no useful pressure can be developed on a sharp pointed wing tip. The reason is that the edges are so close together that the pressure on the face and suction on the back cannot be kept separate, but mix into each other, forming useless eddies and whirls in the air.

I have carried out this calculation according to Mr. Martyr's own division of the sails, which no doubt will serve for a very rough approximation. But it must be noted that it is an incorrect division. Air flows across the narrow parts of the sail under the same laws as the wide parts; consequently the center of pressure on all parts is about one-third of the width of that part from the luff, and the correct dividing lines are those that cut *all* chords, or lines of air flow, into three equal parts. A calculation

made on the basis of such division will be more accurate, and will show still less difference in the total pressure values of these two sails; possibly two or three per cent in favor of the whole jib, and the same amount in favor of the gaff if the point of the jib is deducted.

The correct division of sails also shows instantly that *if* Mr. Martyr is correct in his declaration that the wind pressure on the leech is a useless drag and retards the forward progress of the hull, then the jib-head sail is mighty poor and ineffective canvas, for it obviously has more leech than the gaff-head sail. The whole after edge of any sail is its leech, and always will be, and cannot be diminished an inch by drawing lines on paper.

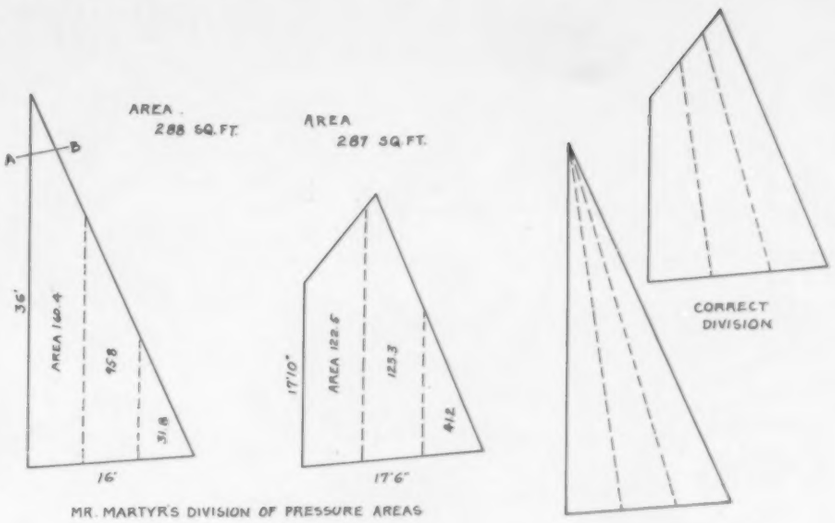


Diagram showing divisions of effective and ineffective areas of a sail.

Now for the one and only personal opinion of mine I wish to state in this article. It seems to me needless to go to the trouble of a lot of diagrams and figures to account for the superior windward efficiency the jib-headed sail certainly does show in practice. Knowing the great difference in lift a small change in angle of wind can make, this superiority seems to me adequately accounted for by the simple fact that the jib-head sail can set practically all of its surface at the best angle, while with a gaff, only the center of the sail is pulling its best, the head being out too far and the foot necessarily being held in too close.

The Universal and the International Measurement Rules Compared

The Two Rules Produce Very Much the Same Type of Yacht

By CHARLES D. MOWER

THERE is a general impression among yachtsmen that the International Rule, under which the Six-Meter yachts are designed, tends to produce a type of hull that is quite different from that which has been developed under our American Universal Rule, and the accompanying drawing will be of interest, as it gives a good comparison of a yacht of the Six-Meter type and a typical Class R boat under our rule.

The Class R boat shown is the *Penobscot*, a 25-foot water line boat built last season from the writer's design, and may be considered a fairly representative boat of the R class. The Six-Meter design is *Priscilla*, champion of the Long Island Sound Six-Meter class for 1923, also of the writer's design. In actual dimensions *Priscilla* was just under 21 ft. water line, but for purpose of comparison the design has been enlarged proportionally to 25 ft. water line, the same as the "R" boat.

That this Meter Boat, enlarged to the same water line length as the "R" boat, gives a boat of very similar general dimensions is shown by the following table of measurements:

	R boat	Meter boat
Length water line	25′ 00″	25′ 00″
Length over all	36′ 4″	37′ 11″
Overhang bow	5′ 10″	6′ 11″
Overhang stern	5′ 6″	6′ 0″
Beam extreme	7′ 9″	8′ 1″
Beam water line	7′ 5½″	7′ 6½″
Draft	5′ 9″	6′ 0″
Freeboard bow	2′ 9″	3′ 3″
Freeboard stern	1′ 10″	2′ 2″
Freeboard least	1′ 8″	2′ 1″
Quarter beam	23′ 6½″	24′ 1½″

It will be noted that the profiles of the two boats are similar below the water line, the meter boat having a slightly larger lateral plane with the C. L. R. slightly farther forward than the "R" boat. Above water line the greatest difference is in the freeboard, as the meter boat has an average of about 5″ more than the "R" boat. The "R" is probably about an average for the class and has ample height of side for our conditions. The higher side of the meter boat is due to the fact that freeboard is a minus factor in the rating rule and there is a tendency to take a rather excessive freeboard in order to gain a few feet of sail area. The difference in over all length is due largely to the difference in freeboard, as the higher sided boat naturally carries the ends out farther.

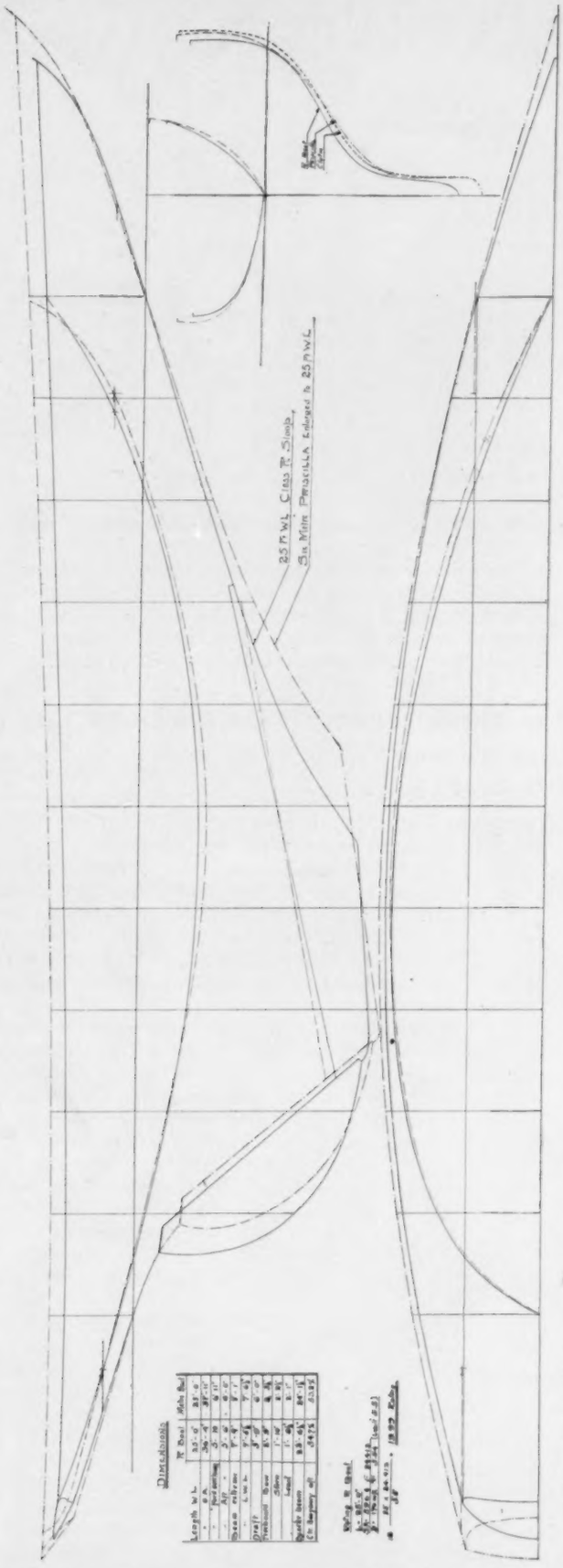
The half-breadth plans are also surprisingly similar in the shape of deck line and load water line. The meter design develops into a slightly wider boat from amidships aft, while forward the deck line is pulled in and shows the influence of the bow girth measurement, which tends to develop a narrower and sharper forward deck plan.

The water lines from amidships aft are almost identical, while forward the meter boat shows a slightly fuller water line. It may be noted, however, that *Priscilla* is fuller and rounder than the average American designed "Six," and *Grebe* or *Clytie*, for example, would probably show a water line slightly sharper than the "R" boat used in this comparison.

The midships sections show the *Priscilla* to be slacker in the turn of the bilge and fuller through the garboards than the "R" boat, with a larger displacement and a deeper quarter beam buttock line. The midship section of the six meter *Clytie* shows a form very similar to the "R" boat section, with a harder bilge and harder garboard than *Priscilla*. As would be expected, *Priscilla* is the faster boat in average light weather conditions and *Clytie* is at her best in heavy weather, due to her more powerful section.

The shapes of sections at the forward and after ends of the water line are very similar, and here again the rounder bow of *Priscilla* is shown.

From the foregoing it will be seen that while the two



Profile and sections of a Six Meter boat scaled up to 25′ water line and superimposed on Universal Rule Class R sloop.

rules of measurement are quite different, they tend to develop a similar type of boat, and there is little to choose between the two types so far as speed or seaworthiness is concerned, as both boats combine these qualities to an admirable degree.

The International Rule allows the designer greater latitude in his choice of dimensions and form of hull, as it is possible to design a boat with a long water line and sharp ends with small bow and stern girth measurements, or a boat of much shorter water line with fuller ends, and it is an open question as to which will be the faster boat under average racing conditions. The typical Fife-designed "Sixes," with a fairly short water line, full ends and a small sail area, made our American boats look sick in a strong breeze, while the long water line, sharp-ended *Lea*, with her high rig and larger sail plan, could beat the English boats out of sight in light airs.

The American Universal Rule has more of a tendency to limit the designer to one type of hull, as the quarter beam limit practically prohibits a full bow that would take a penalty on quarter beam length and the designer naturally takes as full a bow section as he can without penalty, so that there is a greater similarity in the boats produced by different designers than there is under the International Rule.

Under the Universal Rule the water line length is the most important factor for the designer to decide upon as most suitable for the local conditions where the boat is to race, as the quarter beam length, displacement, and draft are all limited by the water line length. The designer is not limited or restricted in the matter of beam and that is determined largely by local conditions, as in some places a narrow boat will win while under other conditions of wind and sea a wide, powerful boat is necessary.

Under the American Universal Rule the sail area varies but very little in a given class as, for example, an "R" boat of 24′ 6″ water line would have a measured sail area of between 595 and 600 sq. ft. while a boat like *Lady Gay*, the West Coast champion, with a water line length of 27 feet has 590 sq. ft. of measured sail area. It is largely a question of determining the size of hull that will be fastest with a given sail area under the prevailing local conditions where the boat is to be raced.

Under the International Rule the larger hull is penalized so heavily on sail area that she has no chance of winning in light weather against a smaller hull with greater actual sail area.

The actual measurement of a boat is easier under the International Rule than it is under ours, as the girth measurements can be accurately and easily taken by actual measurement, while our quarter beam measurement is one that is extremely difficult to measure accurately, and in most cases the designer's certificate of quarter beam length is accepted instead of taking an actual measurement from the boat.

In both rules the designer's certificate of displacement is accepted, and in either case the boats can be actually weighed in case of protest or to verify the figures.

Both rules employ the three factors of length, displacement and sail area as a means of determining the racing measurement, and the bow and stern girth measurements of the English rule accomplish practically the same result as our quarter beam measurement in preventing the extremely full ends that were developed under the old water line length rules, and up to the present time a successful freak type of rule cheater has not been built under either rule.

It would be most desirable if the two rules could be modified and made to conform, so that there would be one measurement for the entire racing world, and it is to be hoped that this may be accomplished some time.

The Season's Outlook on Lake Ontario

By A. B. BOWES

AS the yachting season on Lake Ontario approaches, there are not as many new boats going overboard as were expected. The year 1923 closed in a blaze of glory and the "Hot Stove League," or whatever in yachting corresponds to that optimistic organization, worked overtime during the early part of the winter building new boats, getting the Canada and Fisher Cups out of limbo and in general planning a season that would make the 1923 splurge look like a Roman candle on the Day of Judgment.

The roll-call of the spring reveals only one new schooner of good size, the 46-footer *Yolande,* for Rear-Commodore Norman Gooderham, of the R. C. Y. C., and two re-rigged veterans, *Seneca* and *Zoraya.* The Canada Cup rolled over and went to sleep again for probably another seventeen years and the Fisher Cup's twelve-year nap continues undisturbed.

The George Cup, to be sailed for at Chaumont Bay, July 30, 31, and August 1, promises to have a fleet of six or possibly seven contenders. *Huskie,* last year's winner, will have a harder time obtaining the honor of the defense now that *Nirwana* is sporting a brand-new Marconi rig. The Queen City Yacht Club, of Toronto, may send the last year's Association "R" champion, *Lillian E.,* making probably three boats from Toronto. The winner of the George Cup will be chosen to represent Lake Ontario in the Yacht Racing Union Cup Races at Chicago, commencing September 10.

The Association Regatta is to be held at Sodus Bay this year, on August 6, 7, 8, and will be handled by the Rochester Yacht Club, who are preparing to make the first regatta on the American side in almost a score of years a memorable one. They purpose taking over the old Sodus Bay clubhouse and transferring their entire organization. The regatta schedule starts with the Freeman Cup cruise from Toronto to Charlotte on the 2nd, a cruising race from there to the rendezvous at Sodus Bay, where the George Cup "R's" join the fleet, and three days of racing. Classes are to be as usual, 1, N and up; 2, P Class; 3, R Class; 4, Yawls; 5, Twenty-footers. The bulk of the first class will be schooners, which will have as their special trophy a new Schooner Cup. It was hoped to make this an international challenge trophy, but the ghostly influence of the Canada Cup squelched any chance of raising a rival to the famous mug.

At the Association spring meeting at Hamilton, the old question of getting the cup into action again cropped up, as it has been doing these many years, but apparently the ancient grudge still rankles as deep as ever, and as far as the west end of the lake is concerned, the cup is dead and in the opinion of most should be formally buried and the way cleared to a new deal. On the other hand, there have been stray rumors of the renaissance of the old Eastern Yacht Racing Circuit, an East End association that flourished some twenty years ago, with the bringing together of the Crescent Y. C., Kingston Y. C., Oswego Y. C., Rochester Y. C., Bay of Quinte Y. C. and the revival of Cape Vincent, Gananoque, and Clayton clubs. It would make a very compact organization with excellent facilities for inter-club racing and it might be that part of their inaugural would be the reappearance of the sleeping beauty.

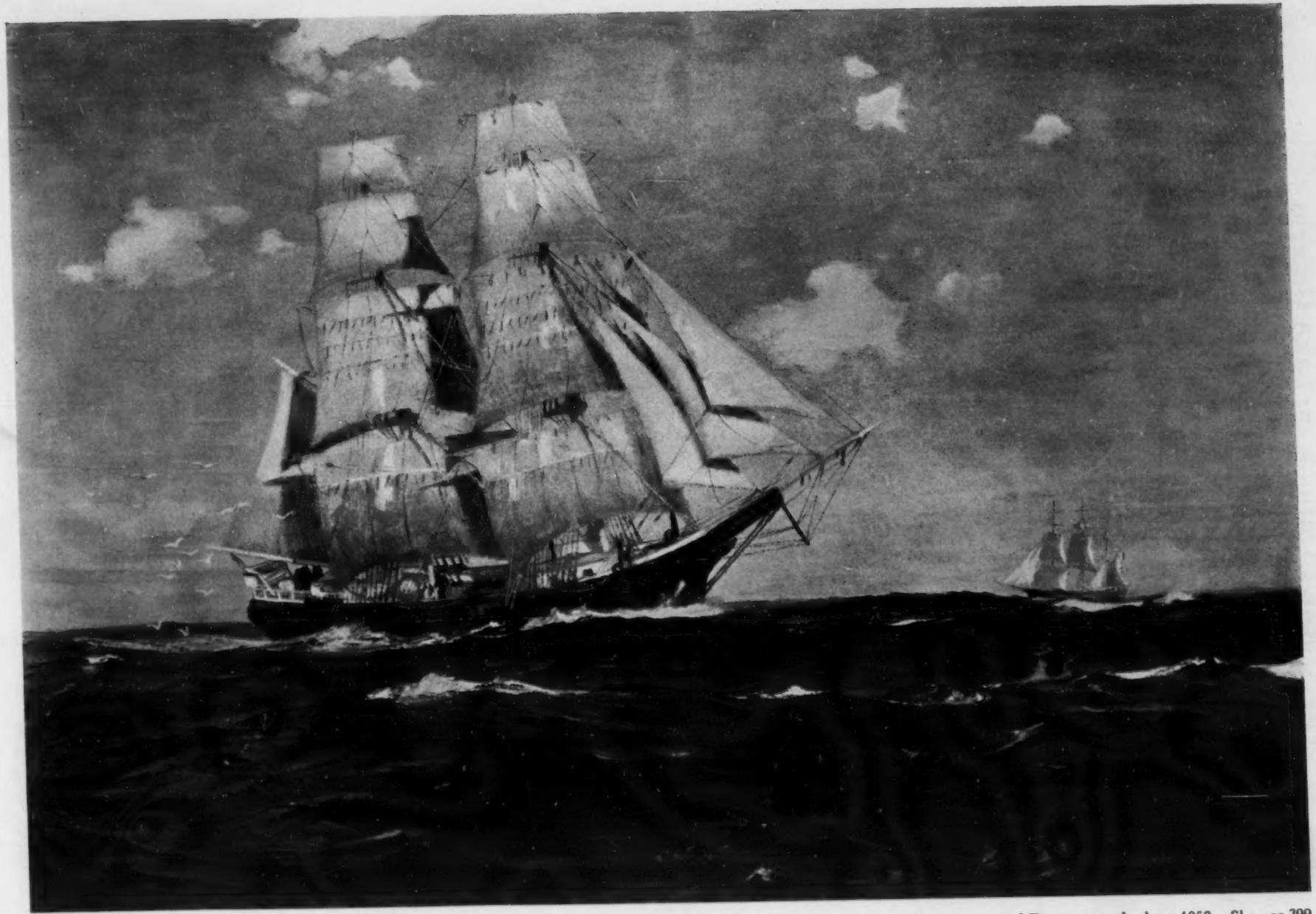
The coming season will mark a much closer entente cordiale between the Toronto yacht clubs. The R. C. Y. C. are giving an open regatta May 31st for "R" boats, veteran cruisers over and under twenty-five ft. water line, as well as the regular open skiff and dinghy events. The Toronto Canoe Club follows suit on June 14th with "R's," veterans under 25 ft., and C boats; the Queen City Yacht Club have one carded for July 12th; the National Yacht Club is still to be heard from and the Canadian National Exhibition winds up the season with their annual open regatta on August 30th.

There is considerable local excitement over the selecting

Edward Lansing (at left) on the deck of *Huskie II,* in which he won the George Cup last year.

of a Canadian representative for the single-hand boat race at the Olympic games in July. The race is to be sailed on the Seine by a fleet of one-design 17-ft. jib and mainsail centerboarders. Nothing in Canada exactly parallels the type and each of the interested sections, the Maritime Provinces, Montreal, and Lake Ontario, has its own opinion as to the type and the location for the final trials. Montreal favors Lake St. Louis and the B boats (present Seawanhaka Cup class), the Ontario contingent are a unit for Toronto Bay and the R. C. Y. C. "C" class which, though keel boats, are all one-design and could be handled by one man, which is more than could be said for a B boat. The short time available will probably lead to a snap decision on one side or the other, but whether picked from a B or a C boat the general opinion is that the final candidate will have to be a living exponent of the Darwinian theory.

Another event of prominence is the Royal Canadian Y. C.-Eastern Y. C. crew races, which will be sailed off Marblehead in July, in either class R or class S yachts, for which the Canadian club will send two crews. The Douglas Cup, an international dinghy trophy, will be sailed for off Charlotte, July 26th, 27th and 28th.



Full and by! From a painting by Charles R. Patterson of the American Brig *Torrent*. This vessel was typical of those in the Mediterranean and European trade about 1850. She was 299 tons register and was 107 feet in length. The painting is for Mrs. Earl E. Bessey, of Waban, Mass., whose father, Herbert Baldwin Cushing, made a voyage in the brig in 1856.

Start of Lipton Cup Race, Southern California Yachting Association Regatta at Santa Barbara last year. Left to right: *Wasp, California, Machree, Angela, Peggy, Gretchen.*

The Season's Outlook on the Pacific Coast

By MARCO POLO

IF clouds indicate stormy weather, and sunshine clear weather, the optimism being shown by the yachtsmen on the Pacific Coast would indicate about the busiest season from a yachting standpoint that San Francisco Bay and the Southern California Coast have ever experienced, and it certainly looks that way.

A very active racing season has been planned. It started in on the Bay as early as April twenty-sixth, when the Aeolian Yacht Club had their opening day, if such can be called a racing event. On May tenth there was the Pacific Inter-Club cruise to Vallejo, for which Commodore Langlais of the Corinthian Yacht Club gave a cup. This event was open to any yacht owner in any of the Bay yacht clubs that are members of the Inter-Club Association. Speaking of Commodore Langlais and cups, it might be well to mention here that the Commodore has also given a cup to help further the sport in the already large world fleet of Stars by putting up a trophy to be raced for by these boats at the time of the second Inter-Club cruise to Paradise Cove on September thirteenth, the course being laid out off the Cove. There are at present four Stars in the San Francisco Bay fleet, but it is expected that Lester Stone, owner of the "R" boat *Rascal*, will build one for himself, and there are also prospects of several others.

The most important event on the Bay is scheduled for July fourth, when the Pacific Inter-Club Yachting Association regatta will be held, this being a general regatta open to all classes, and will be followed the next day by the Corinthian Yacht Club regatta. The Inter-Club regatta last year extended over about a week, but no provision has been made so far this year for a week of racing.

When, where and what is to be done about the Perpetual Challenge Cup, the most important the Bay has seen for many a moon, which was won last year by the *California*, and taken to Los Angeles, is yet unknown, as no challenge has been forwarded, up to this writing, for a race for this cup, though the California Yacht Club has been expecting to receive a challenge for it for some time past.

It was hoped that Commodore Ben P. Weston would take his new Schock-designed "R" boat *Debra* up to San Francisco for this Fourth of July regatta, but in view of his having a 67-foot cruiser under construction which he is trying to get finished in time to go to San Diego, it is believed he will be too busy to spare the time.

Speaking of San Diego, it is the intention of the Bay yachtsmen to turn out in greater force than ever and make a strong bid to get away with all the honors they can, and all the cups that are not nailed fast, at the Pacific Coast Championship Regatta, August tenth to seventeenth. This spirit is worthy of comment as, in the case of the "R" class, their boats are all heavy weather boats and the weather conditions at San Diego are very likely to be light. They will have some compensation for this, however, as the California Yacht Club has on its program, under date of August twenty-third, races between San Francisco Bay yacht clubs and California Yacht Club "R" boats at San Pedro, and here they will have good breezes.

It is hoped that all the San Francisco Bay "R" boats, *Rascal, Lady Gay, Francesca, Corinthian II*, and the San Francisco Y. C. syndicate boat, will be down at San Diego. E. H. Volkman, owner of *Corinthian II*, has already stated that he will be there, and the race at San Pedro is to be in the nature of a team race, the California Yacht Club agreeing to enter one "R" for every one from San Francisco, their entries being probably *Machree, California, Debra, Patricia, Angela* and *Aloha*.

This event is being looked forward to with considerable interest and should be of great benefit in helping to build up the "R" class, which is already very popular on this coast. There are thirteen of them from San Francisco to San Diego, three new ones having been built this year.

While to one not familiar with the conditions here the entry of so many San Francisco Bay boats in the regatta at San Diego requires considerable study, as it is necessary to ship the boats by steamer from San Francisco to San Pedro, a distance of 425 miles, then rig and race them to San Diego, one hundred miles down the coast. Taking it all in all the outlook for a successful season is very bright.

Yachting

Herbert L. Stone, Editor

Samuel Wetherill, Associate Editor

Editorial

Go Slow in Changing Measurement Rule

There has been quite a strong undercurrent of feeling among yachtsmen on the Atlantic Coast that our measurement rule for racing yachts, called the Universal Rule (though the United States and Canada are the only countries using it), has about outlived its usefulness and that steps should be taken to alter or discard it. Several articles on the alleged shortcomings of the rule have appeared in YACHTING recently and show which way the wind is blowing. Without going into the merits or defects of the rule, we merely want to say to go slow before changing something that has produced the best all 'round type of racing boat of any rule we have ever used. Some slight changes have been made in this rule since it was adopted, but it has not been altered materially.

The charge is made that the Universal Rule has failed, because yachtsmen are not building to it and because there is no open class racing except in one of the classes. We do not think the Universal Rule is to blame for the failure to build or race under it, but that other causes are responsible for this failure, among which may be mentioned the craze for one-design classes that has swept the Atlantic Coast, the abnormally high cost of building since the war and, during the last three years, the international races in the Six Meter Class which have diverted interest from our own classes. We have built altogether nearly 25 boats to this foreign rule in the last three years, at an initial cost of from $6,000 to $7,000 each. If it had not been for the glamour of trying to make the international team, many of these men would have undoubtedly built to one of our own open classes, and the Q Class would probably have been revived on the coast this summer.

But leaving the Atlantic Coast aside it may be said that the smaller Universal Rule Classes are very strong on the Great Lakes and on the Pacific Coast, and this fact is keeping up the second-hand value of yachts built under the rule. It hardly seems fair, therefore, to change a rule that is successful everywhere in the country except in Eastern waters.

To our mind, unless there is something radically wrong with the rule, which we do not think is the case, we believe that the only reason for changing a rule that has stood us in good stead for nearly twenty years, would be in order to adopt a rule that was international and in use in all of the yachting countries. International racing in small boats, which seems bound to become more popular in the future, can be better carried on if the countries involved have the same rule than if they have different rules and yachtsmen are forced to build to a foreign class to make such racing possible.

An article in this issue shows how much alike are the boats produced under the International and our Universal Rule. Both produce good, wholesome types, and our rule, so far, has proved freak proof. We should be slow, therefore, to make any change in it except for the sake of uniformity, and even then, we must be sure that the type that will be produced is suitable to our conditions.

Bermuda or Bust

Before we have to write another one of these pages, we'll have been to Bermuda and back and put some 1,500 miles of blue water behind us. Every man in the race, we believe, will find it as good as we do to shake the dust of the office for a few weeks, and let the damp, salt breeze blow away the cobwebs of a winter's work.

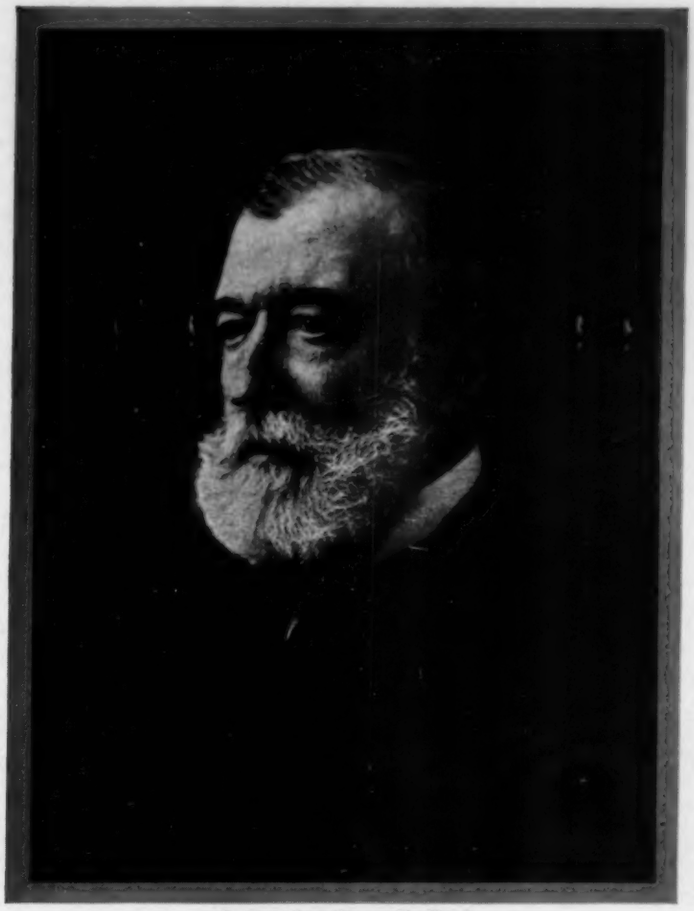
Here's wishing 'em all luck, a fast passage and a fair wind. They can't all win, but they can all enjoy the race and get the satisfaction of knowing they've sailed the old packet for all she was worth. If they do that, the fact of getting a piece of silverware or not, does not cut much ice. So go to it, boys, do your best, be cheerful through it all, and may the hardest sailed boat win!

Repeal of Sales Tax on Boats Approved by Congress

There is a chance that the burdensome and unfair tax on the building or sale of new pleasure boats will be abolished this summer, the element of chance being in whether or not the tax bill now before Congress becomes a law at this session.

Both the House and Senate have voted to repeal this 10% tax on pleasure boats. By this vote, Congress upheld the decisions of the Committees having the Bill in charge, namely, the House Ways and Means Committee and the Senate Finance Committee. Having been successful in persuading both branches of Congress that this sales tax should be removed, it is to be hoped that the Bill will become law some time in June, provided the President does not veto it. The repeal of this excise tax on motor boats will take effect thirty (30) days after the President signs the Act. If the Conference Committee, therefore, is able to present a Bill which will be satisfactory to the President, it is quite likely that sales of boats in this country may soon be consummated without having to figure upon this obnoxious tax.

In the World of Yachting

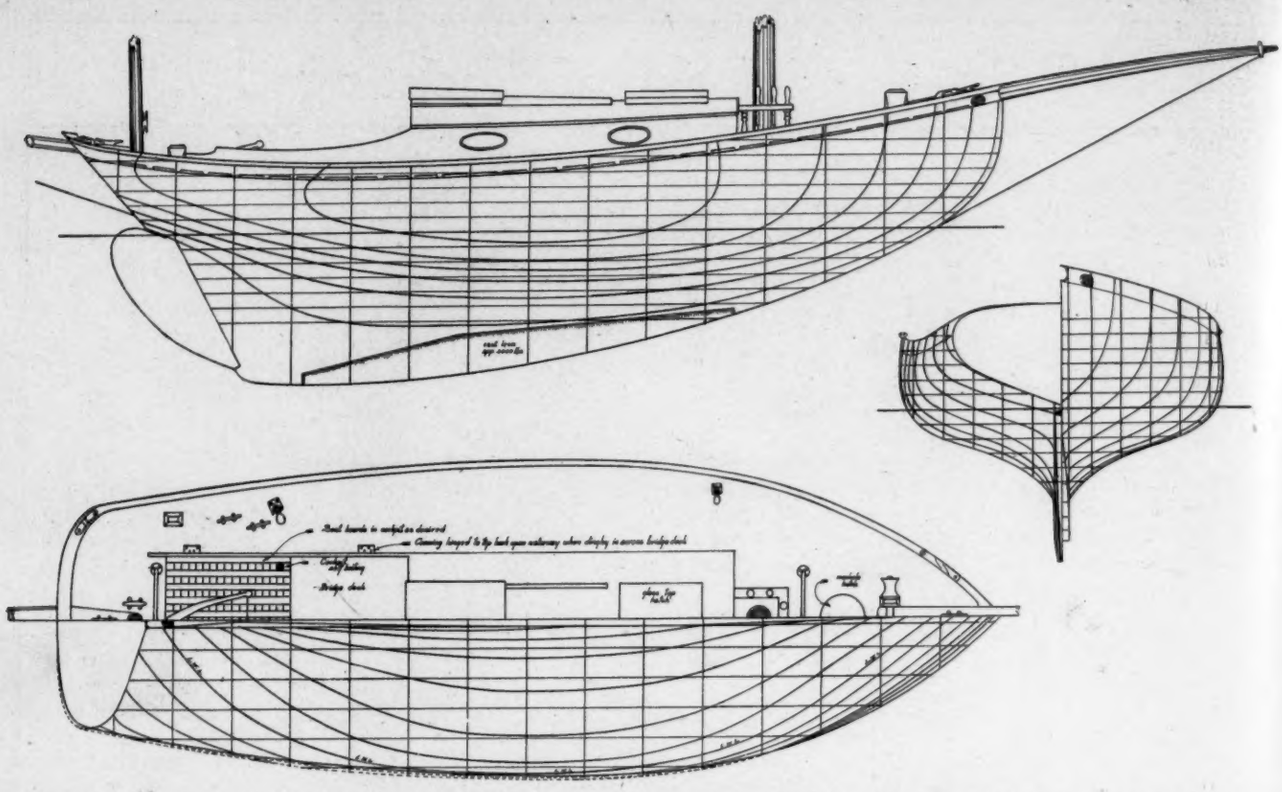


Commodore James B. Ford

WHEN the members of the Larchmont Yacht Club, at their recent annual meeting, elected James B. Ford to the office of Commodore for the tenth consecutive year, they paid a marked tribute to a yachtsman who has done more for yacht racing and the upbuilding of the sport in general than any other one man in this country. For, as head of this club, he has worked untiringly in the interest not only of racing but of everything connected with yachting, and has built up an organization that is known from coast to coast as the foremost racing club in American waters.

Commodore Ford has not himself taken an active part in racing the last few years, although he has always had one or more of his fleet in commission, letting the younger men race them. He has always been ready to boost any class that promised to make good racing on the Sound and he has been generous in his encouragement of the younger sailors, many of whom have thus been able to make reputations for themselves in his boats. The interest of the Commodore in yachting dates back to 1870, when he sailed the catboat Varuna. Several years later he purchased the schooner yacht Katrina, formerly a well-known racing sloop designed by A. Cary Smith, and for many years he sailed her in the New York Yacht Club cruises and in the open races on Long Island Sound.

In 1914 he was a generous contributor to the syndicate that built the Owen-Designed Defiance, one of the candidates for America's Cup defence. In 1916 the members of the Larchmont Yacht Club started the "O" Class of 38-foot sloops and the Commodore built the Varuna, which he equipped with a Marconi rig. Varuna was one of the first yachts in America with this rig, and she won the Class Championship in 1916 and 1919, the only years she raced, and proved conclusively that the Marconi rig was faster than the gaff rig. His next boat was one of the Victory class sloops, the Blue Jacket, which won the Sound Championship last year.



Lines of a 32-foot overall deep-water cruiser, designed by C. D. Stewart. She is something of a compromise between the small fisherman model and Capt. Slocum's *Spray*.

A Small Cruiser for the Blue Water Sailor

A Craft Which Her Designer Believes Far Superior to the Yacht Type for Real Offshore Work

By CLARE D. STEWART

WITH the popularity of deep water racing and cruising increasing steadily but surely, it has occurred to me that we have few really good craft for offshore work. Racing design has so dominated the form of small cruisers that I think it is high time that some arguments were put forth to show that the "yacht type" is quite unsuited to blue water cruising, and that a craft of decidedly different form should be chosen by the man who wishes to enter the Bermuda Race, or duplicate the voyages of boats like *Sea Bird* or *Typhoon*. Designers and those committed to the yacht type may take exception to these remarks, but I want to add my word to this subject, which has already been under discussion in the columns of YACHTING.

In the yacht type, the metacentric radius is too great for comfort or safety. But once a shorter metacentric radius is adopted, it follows as a corollary that the yacht proportion of rib, or frame, should be changed also. A short metacentric height, with the same rib design, means less righting moment at all angles of heel. This can only be made up by increased beam. If the ballast is all inside I think stiffness of form in the offshore boat should approach that of Slocum's *Spray*. However, most of us would feel that a reserve great enough to prevent turning turtle should be had. Accordingly we might keep the wine glass section for three purposes: first, to give room for stowing inside ballast deep enough to produce some final stability though the hull were on her beam ends (this could be augmented by a fairly heavy iron shoe outside); second, the foot well can be placed low enough to give headroom, not an easy task on a thirty-two footer; and third, the frame ends can be fastened more satisfactorily to the keel. The bilge will be hard, and the buttock lines, save for a pair each side the keel, quite shallow at their deepest point.

The yacht rib puts too great a premium upon lightness of hull. All stiffness coming through the lead bulb, the center of gravity can be kept at its lowest point only through having the lightest possible hull above it.

Having settled the rib design, the next questionable feature of the yacht's design is her deck and water lines. Of course, the yacht form has sufficient cause for every feature of her design for the conditions she has to meet, but this very fact is against her for sea work. The yacht bow is quite sharp, running out nearly to a dead straight on the forward, and also after quarters. A strictly racing rule, the "quarter-beam" rule, is responsible largely for this, yet cruisers tend to ape the racer without question. Now a boat that does considerable of her sailing close-hauled, in waters where beating to windward is a part of every race, the sharp forward sections greatly reduce wave resistance. Wave resistance does not follow the stream line law. Once the wave is shattered it does not close in aft in a way that helps squeeze the hull forward. So the yacht designer sacrifices his run, his stream line form, both on the water lines and the buttocks, for the sake of lessened wave resistance.

He does this, moreover, because he knows that the slowest leg of the race is the one to windward. Because it is slowest, the greatest part of the race concentrates upon that windward leg. Hence reaching, rather than running lines are called for. He gains this sharpness by sacrificing the run of the lines amidships. Here the buttocks and water lines break abruptly, and run up shortly to the water line so as to balance the shortness forward. The pot belly produced is valuable on this same windward work because the

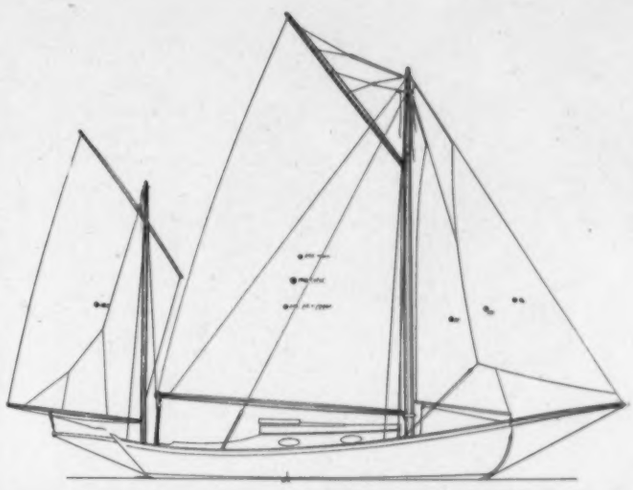
great bulk of resistance lies between skin friction and wave resistance. Speed is too low to make driving lines essential.

The yacht design is still further dominated by this windward motif. A pure hemisphere would have the minimum of skin friction for a given displacement, but it would have great wave resistance forward. Not so, however, aft. Accordingly the designer pulls out the short waterline as sharp as possible forward, and pulls it out quite sharply above the water line, where it will come into play only in meeting waves, and not in still water. Aft, the lines approach the hemisphere more nearly, as wave resistance is nil. Here the reverse comes in the rabbet line as enough counter is desired to give a balanced appearance to the hull.

Yet how far is all this from the offshore cruiser? What thirty-footer is going to beat to windward to amount to anything at sea? Here running lines are wanted, stream lines that can be driven hard without resistance lumping up to the impassable point. That abnormal windward quarter wave of the yacht is eloquent of its lack of driving lines. Large quantities of water, crowded under the submerged belly, are abruptly released, but can't let go, and have to climb the steep buttocks, whence they get enough momentum to shoot clear up past the gunwale, dragging to the last.

Accordingly it seems to me that both the water lines and the buttocks of the little offshore cruiser should show a fairly flat run, trailing out aft to an easy release, all of which cannot be had without a fairly bluff bow. It is just this type of bow that small offshore fishermen have developed. It has been used in the North Sea for ages. It will lift over short, steep seas that would make a submarine out of some of our hollow bowed cruisers. When running before real weather, its own tendency to lift, due to its spooning lines, keeps such a craft going when a sharp lined bow would be buried until griping was serious, or else the boat run under. Ralph Stock, skipper of the *Dream Ship*, mentioned that it was just this situation that came the nearest to getting the best of his boat. Running before steep seas made the hull coast toward the trough like a surf canoe. In this case the bow built to climb, not to cut, could readily hold on the longest. Slocum ran the *Spray* through one of the worst storms of his trip entirely before the wind, with a couple of hawsers paid out astern to hold the broad transom to the wind.

So much for the shape of the lines with regard to driving speed over long reaches across or before the wind. Let us examine some additional advantages this type of buttock and waterlines brings. The bluff bow requires a straight side and a wide transom. The straight gunwale gives the boat a real bearing when heeled, and the wide stern, built at the proper slope, gives one a genuinely seaworthy after end. The yacht counter, with its lines pinched out aft, and counter pared away, with almost no sheer, is more ornamental than useful. The broad stern, on a given overall length, gives additional deck space, and



Stewart's small sea-going yawl, 32 feet over all, 10 feet beam and 5 feet 6 inches draft. She has a lug mizzen, which some of our readers will not like.

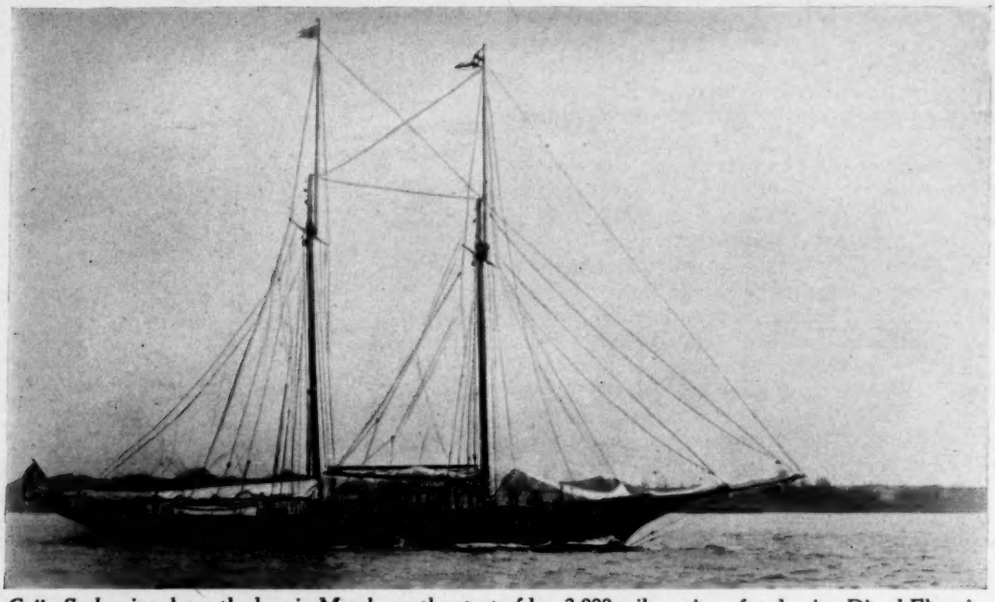
greater staying width for holding the mizzen mast.

Again, straight lines through the mid-region of the hull give it a greatly increased stiffness. It is not width of the midship frame alone that counts. Carrying out that width fore and aft avoids rib sections that have no buoyancy, or buoyancy in reverse. And this stiffness utilizes the hull weight itself for effectiveness, rather than dead weight, which adds nothing to the strength, durability or economy of the hull. Extra hull weight again is extra sea strength.

It seems to me to be a mistake even to use the Gloucester model too literally for so small a boat as a thirty-two footer. Size itself has much to do with variation of hull modelling. The thirty-two footer has to meet the same wave as the eighty-foot fisherman, not one correspondingly reduced. Here I think the small fisherman of the general type of the *Spray*, gives us the better cue. The matter of rig shows how chary we should be about literally adopting the big fisherman type for a small cruiser. I believe it was T. F. Day that rated the schooner rig as the next to the worst possible offshore rig for a small boat. Of course we all love it for sentimental reasons, but if there are enough advantages to the rig to offset its defects as compared with the yawl or ketch, will Mr. Alden please explain?

In brief, the thirty-two foot cruiser, intended for real offshore work, should be, it seems to me, a compromise between the little fisherman models of Alden and the *Spray*, with enough reverse at the lower ends of the ribs to provide room for inside ballast below a foot well, where, with the aid of a modest iron shoe outside, it would have a final stability when initial stability is overcome. She should, to my mind, be yawl rigged.

Off on the cruise Male chorus — "All right, Olaf, show a little speed!"



Cutty Sark going down the bay in March, on the start of her 3,000-mile cruise, after having Diesel Electric Drive Auxiliary power installed in place of her steam plant.

A March Cruise on the *Cutty Sark*

Famous Yacht, with New Diesel Electric Drive Auxiliary Power Plant, makes 3,000-mile Trial Trip in Strenuous Conditions

A RATHER unusual cruise was the one made during the month of March, that happened this year to be a particularly windy and stormy one, by Alexander Smith's schooner yacht, *Cutty Sark*, from New York down the coast and across the Gulf of Mexico to Texas City, Texas. During the cruise of something like 3,000 miles the yacht encountered some very severe weather, but came through in good shape. Mr. Smith was aboard the yacht and in command during the trip, the account of which is most interesting.

The *Cutty Sark*, named after one of the fastest clipper ships ever built, was the former steam auxiliary, *Ariadne*, built for Mr. Henry W. Putnam. Mr. Smith purchased the yacht last spring, and after taking her to Bermuda last June to follow the fleet in the Bermuda race, he decided that the day of steam for pleasure vessels was rapidly passing and that the Diesel electric combination was undoubtedly the power of the future.

A survey of the *Cutty Sark* was made by Mr. Raymond, of Tams & King, and it was determined that Diesel electric equipment could be installed in place of the steam machinery, which would give the yacht greater power, greater speed and far greater cruising radius without increasing the space required for the machinery. When this was settled contracts were placed with the Winton Engine Works for the Diesel engines and with the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company for the electrical equipment and the work of installation was begun at the Morse Dry Dock Company of Brooklyn.

At this time Mr. Smith set the date in March on which he wanted to sail for a cruise to the West Indies and Gulf of Mexico and all energies were directed toward the completion of the installation by this date. It happened, however, that press of business detained the owner one day over the specified time and this one day proved to be a lifesaver to the engineers who were making the installation, for by working through that last night the work was completed and the *Cutty Sark* was ready to sail when the owner arrived on the afternoon of the 19th of March.

At four o'clock the *Cutty Sark* pulled out from the dock where she had been for some months and proceeded down New York Bay to adjust her compasses. There had been no time for the customary trial trip and no time for making any refined adjustments and correcting any faults of installation. After adjusting compasses the *Cutty Sark* anchored off Tottenville and remained over night. The next morning, shortly after 9:00 o'clock, anchor was weighed and the yacht started on a cruise which might well be considered a 3,000-mile trial trip, without the usual engineering trial experts on board.

The *Cutty Sark* proceeded down the coast on the 20th of March under both power and sail, with a fair wind and a quiet sea. That night was fine and fast time was made, the yacht at times logging 12 knots and over. Early in the evening of the 21st the barometer indicated a change of weather and it was decided to shorten sail. About 10:00 o'clock that night it was blowing up from the southeast and the sea made up fast. By midnight the wind had risen to the force of a gale and early the next morning the *Cutty Sark* was fighting an equinoctial storm of great intensity. Throughout that Thursday night and all day Friday the gale continued, the *Cutty Sark* being then just north of Hatteras. At times she was barely able to make headway against the wind and high seas. This was no discredit to her, however, as one of the Clyde Line steamers, passing, was forced to slow down from 13 to 3 knots and was rolling far more violently than the yacht. It was in this same gale that one of the Ward Line freighters was lost just south of Hatteras.

By Friday night three of her lowers had been split, the starboard bowsprit shroud carried away and her foresail was gone. No sail could be carried in the condition in which she then was and the new Diesel electric auxiliary engine was started. In the height of the storm the starboard launch broke away from her lashings. Mr. Smith, who stands well over six feet and is powerfully built, started a wrestling match with the launch. He won the first fall, but the two-ton launch won the second fall and Mr. Smith retired with an injured hand and leg.

The gale had come on with such suddenness that the

crew did not have time to make fast the movable furniture in the cabin and there was a scrambled mess of chairs, desks and drawers littering the main saloon.

Many of the crew were seasick for the first time, but through the gale the messboy kept on duty, a broad grin on his face. He seemed to enjoy the whole performance thoroughly except when he slipped on a package of tapioca, which had gone adrift, and in its water-logged condition coated the floor of the officers' mess with a slippery deposit of high efficiency.

The first assistant engineer came down from his upper berth with such rapidity that the crew were not able to get him back again for two days and two nights. The steward made three sudden trips with his 215 pounds from his berth to the deck of his stateroom and finally decided that it was a foolish thing to try to get any sleep under such conditions. However, the steward says that the messboy's invention of the Tapioca Glide was well worth all they went through.

It was finally decided to put into Norfolk to repair sails and rigging before proceeding further south.

At nine o'clock on Saturday night the *Cutty Sark* dropped anchor in Hampton Roads and her owner and crew turned in for their first sleep in two days. Fortunately no damage had been sustained by hull or machinery and repairs to spars and rigging were completed in a week.

Mrs. Smith and her daughter joined the yacht at Norfolk and the *Cutty Sark* was on her way again the 30th of March. Hardly had she made more than a day's run when she ran into a second storm while crossing the Gulf Stream, which was so severe she was obliged to heave to. The yacht proved to be an excellent sea boat and hardly took any water on deck. At times it seemed as though one of the advancing seas would sweep over her, but each time she rose and the sea slipped under her easily.

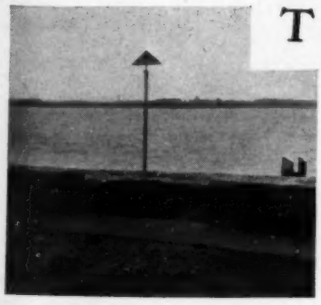
The next port of call was Nassau, where she remained for a day or two before proceeding to Havana. From Havana she went to Key West and then directly across the Gulf to Texas City. In crossing the Gulf she ran into a Norther that lasted for a day. This made the third gale that she had encountered during her 3,000-mile voyage.

The afterguard of the *Cutty Sark*. Left to right, Alexander W. Smith, owner; A. D. Raymond, and Captain Gavitt.

Much has been said about specially trained men required to handle Diesel and Diesel electric equipment. On this score it is interesting to note that the two engineers who took the *Cutty Sark* from New York to Norfolk were obliged to leave her there and the two engineers who replaced them did not have more than a day or two to become familiar with the new machinery and installation before starting from Norfolk for the balance of the trip.

Through the entire trip the propelling machinery performed remarkably well and the *Cutty Sark* made her final run up the Harbor at Texas City to her berth in probably the fastest time she ever made under power alone.

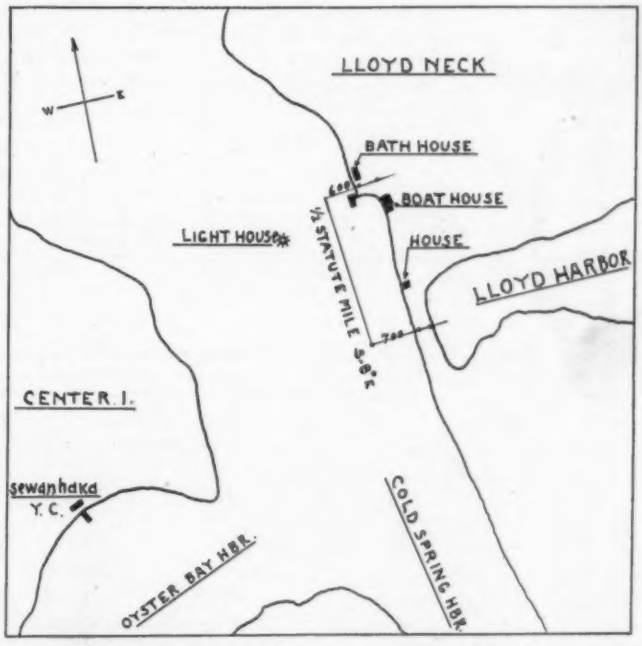
Test Your Speed on this Half-mile Course



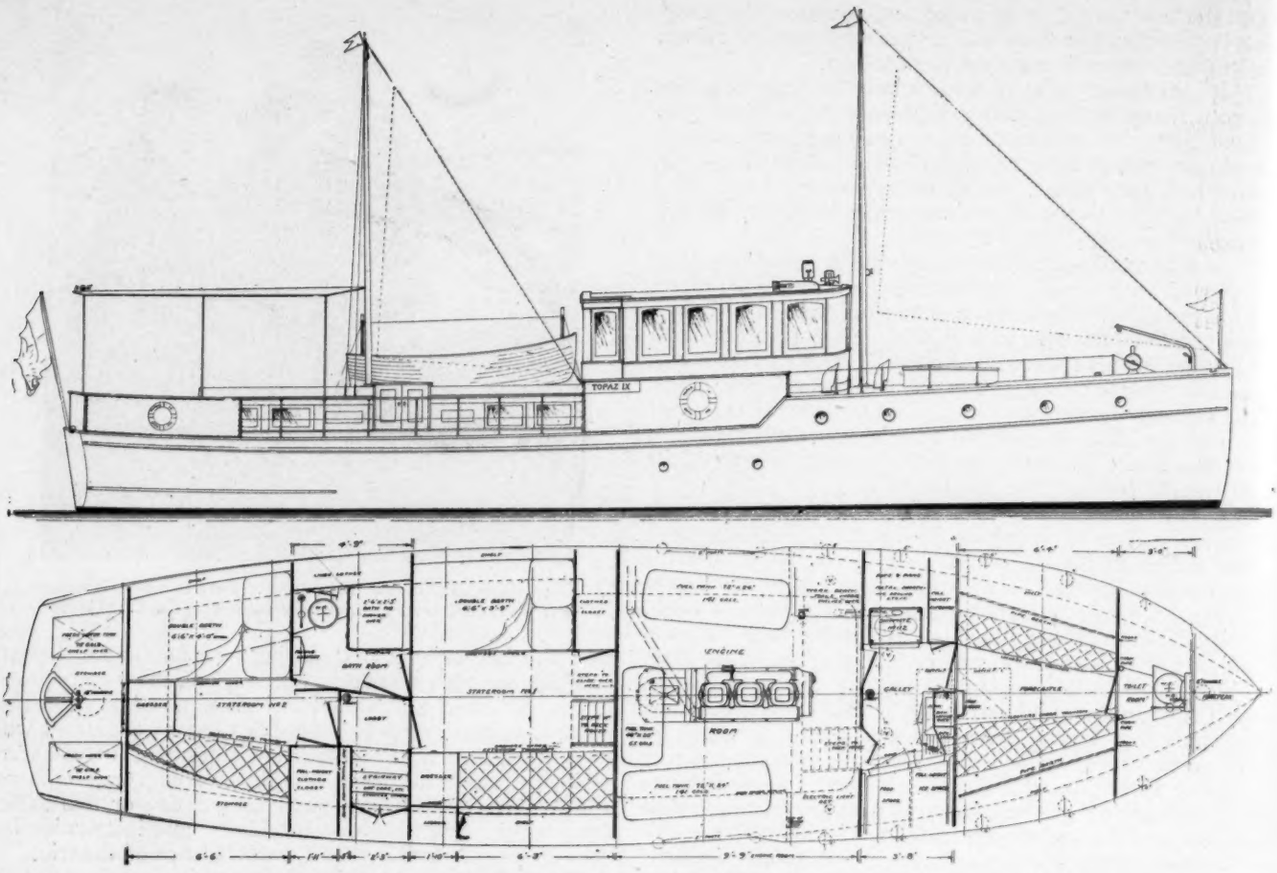
THROUGH the generosity of an enthusiastic yachtsman, Mr. Wm. J. Matheson, of Cold Spring, L. I., owners of power-driven craft on Long Island Sound are now provided with an opportunity of finding out the exact speed of their craft by running over a half-mile course marked by specially placed ranges on Mr. Matheson's property at the entrance of Cold Spring, L. I.

Mr. Frederick K. Lord, Naval Architect, laid out the course, with the assistance of expert surveyors, so that the accuracy is unquestioned. By referring to the accompanying chart it is seen that the course is south 8 degrees east (true), almost parallel to the beach, where there is a depth of about fifty feet and no cross currents.

The range standards are made of 3" iron pipe set in 3,000-lb. blocks of concrete, making them absolutely permanent. They are painted with alternate red and white stripes, and have a triangular white target at the top. The fore sights are a few feet from high water, and the rear sights about 100 feet further inland. By referring to the diagram yachtsmen can easily identify the course.



Measured half mile laid out for the use of yachtsmen off Lloyd's Neck, entrance to Cold Spring Harbor.

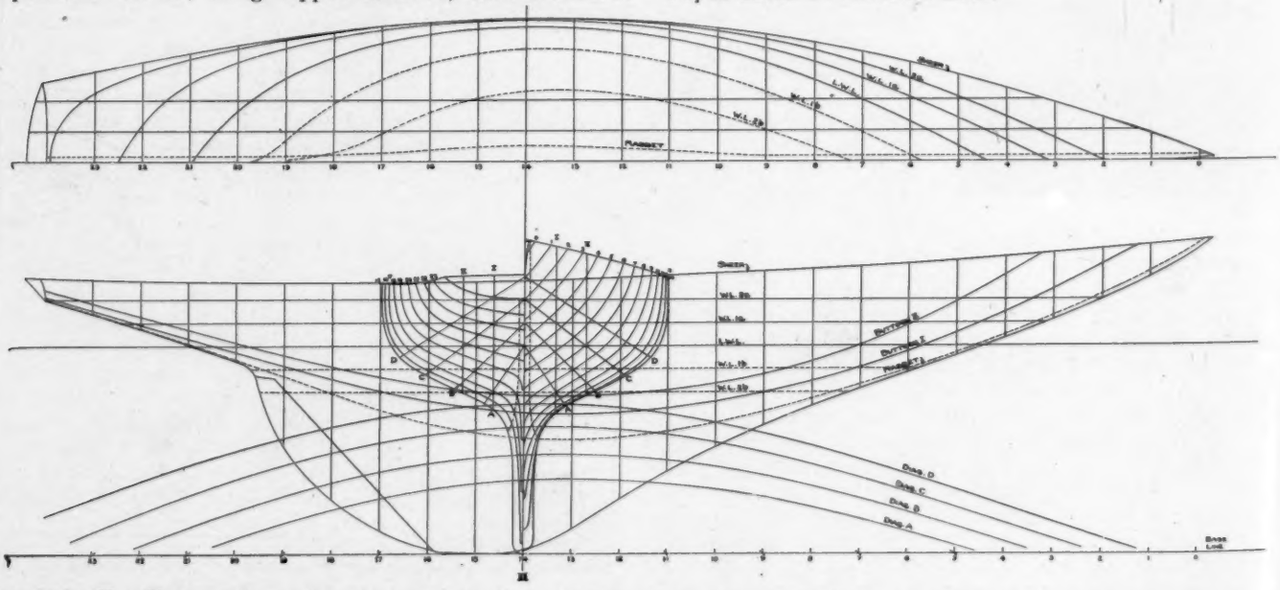


Topaz IX, a 50-foot power cruiser designed by W. J. Deed for Harry S. Haupt, of New York.

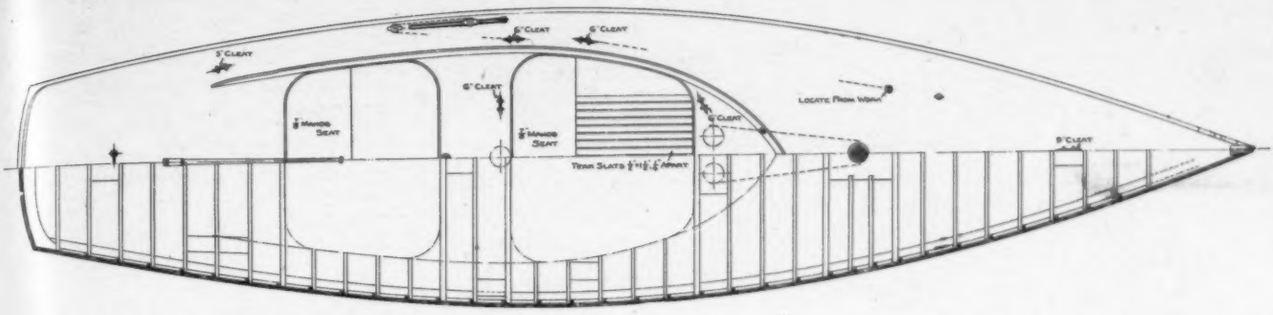
Topaz IX, a Handsome New Cruiser

A notable addition to the Long Island fleet this summer will be *Topaz IX*, a fine cruiser owned by Harry S. Haupt, of New York, and now practically completed at Pendleton's Yard, Wiscasset, Me. Designed by Wm. J. Deed, Naval Architect, the new craft is constructed in the best possible manner, being copper fastened, with bronze or brass fittings throughout, mahogany finish, with staterooms finished in French gray with just a suggestion of mahogany trim. The boat has an unusually handsome profile, as have most of the boats from the board of this designer.

The dimensions of the boat are: L.O.A., 50 ft.; beam, 12 ft. 2 in.; draft, 3 ft. 9 in. The generous beam permits extra wide berths, fine floor space and wide decks. The big 6-cylinder Sterling Trident motor is expected to drive *Topaz* about 14 miles an hour.



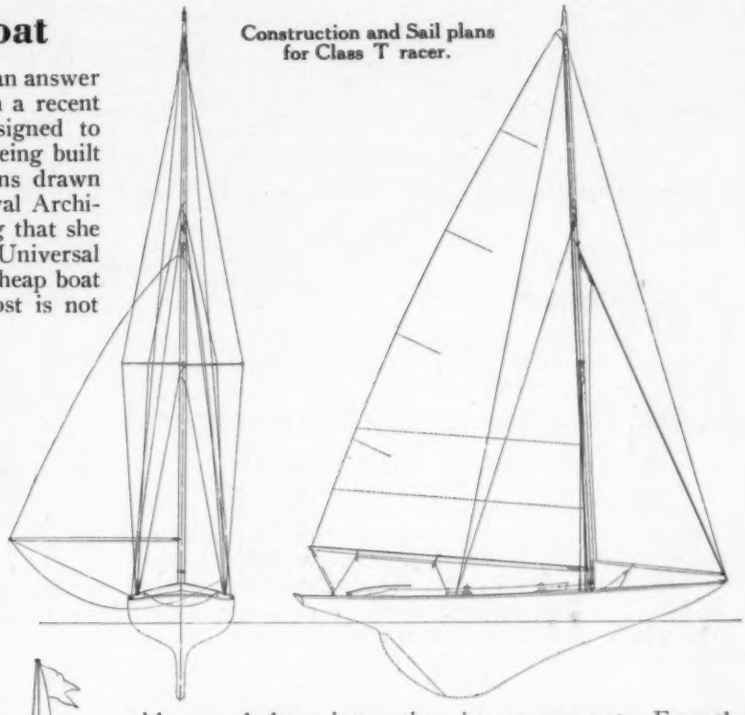
Lines of a Class T. racer, the smallest class under the Universal Rule, designed by E. F. Hanford and N. Biersteker for Finley Campbell of Boston.



An Attractive Class T Boat

The accompanying design of a Class T boat is an answer to the plea which Mr. Arthur Wendell made in a recent issue of YACHTING for more small craft designed to our Universal Rule. This little racer is now being built for Mr. Finley Campbell, of Boston, from plans drawn by Edgar F. Hanford and Noel Biersteker, Naval Architects of Boston, the principal requirements being that she be the smallest boat that could be built to the Universal Rule Class T, in order to get a fast, able and cheap boat for racing and afternoon sailing. The total cost is not expected to exceed $1,600.

Following are the principal dimensions: L.O.A., 25 ft. 9 in.; L.W.L., 17 ft. 3 in.; beam, 6 ft. 3 in.; draft, 4 ft. 6 in.; displacement, 3,942 lbs.; sail area, 361 sq. ft. The weight, trim and stability calculations were performed as for an "R" or "P" boat, with the aid of special instruments loaned by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

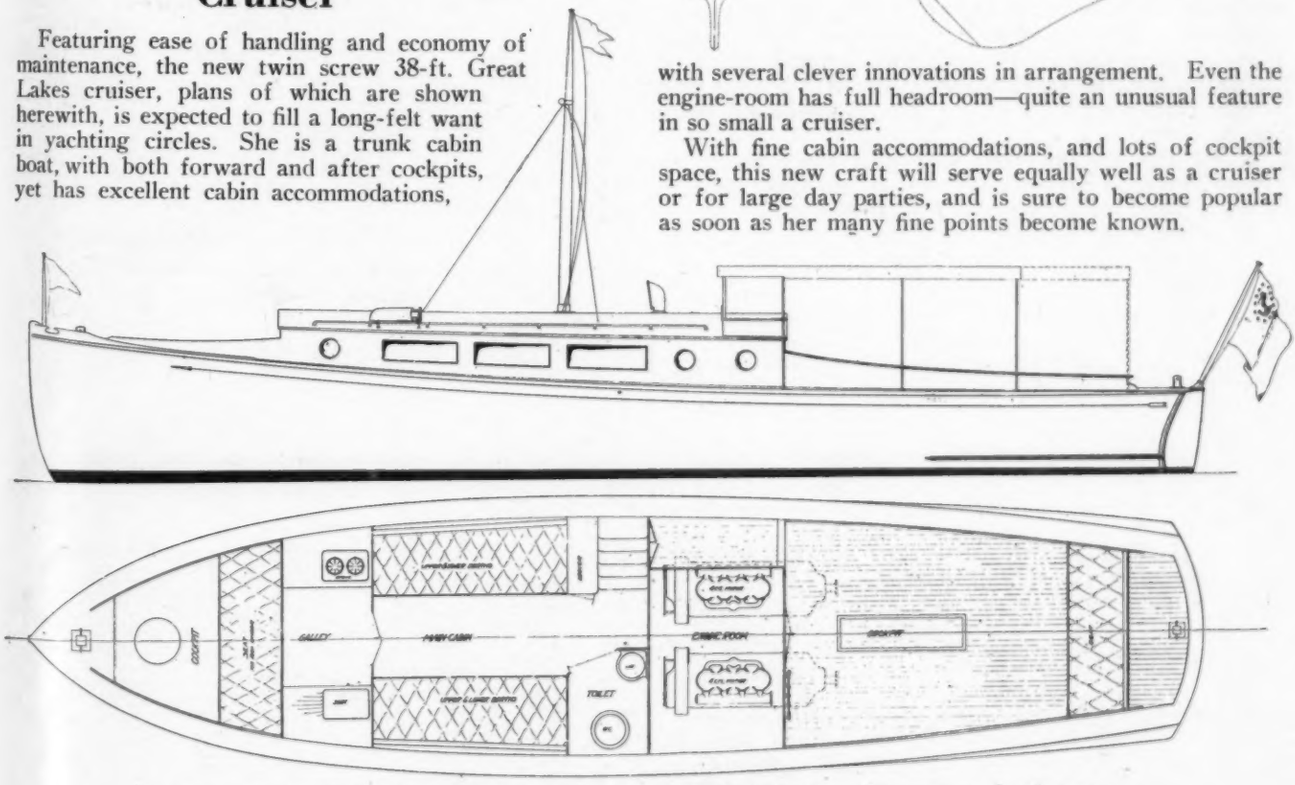


Construction and Sail plans for Class T racer.

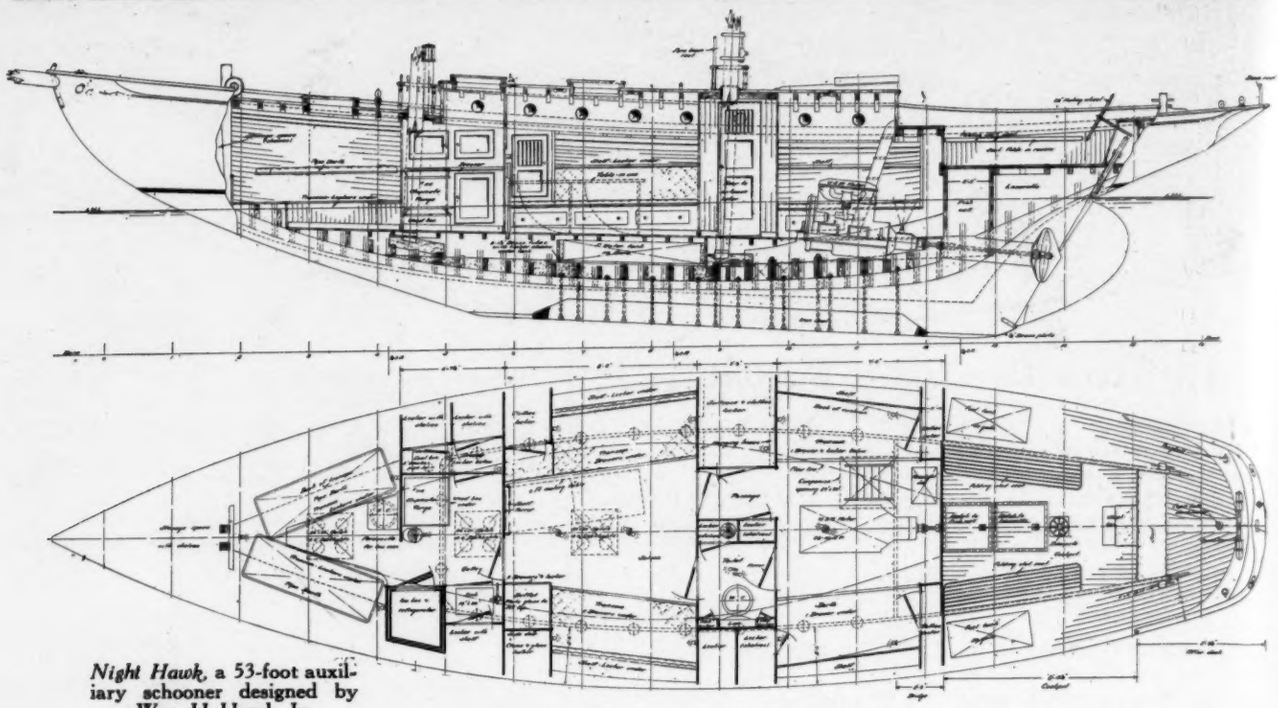
The New 38-ft. Great Lakes Cruiser

Featuring ease of handling and economy of maintenance, the new twin screw 38-ft. Great Lakes cruiser, plans of which are shown herewith, is expected to fill a long-felt want in yachting circles. She is a trunk cabin boat, with both forward and after cockpits, yet has excellent cabin accommodations, with several clever innovations in arrangement. Even the engine-room has full headroom—quite an unusual feature in so small a cruiser.

With fine cabin accommodations, and lots of cockpit space, this new craft will serve equally well as a cruiser or for large day parties, and is sure to become popular as soon as her many fine points become known.



A 38-foot Cruiser designed and built by the Great Lakes Boatbuilding Corp. for economy of maintenance.



Night Hawk, a 53-foot auxiliary schooner designed by Wm. H. Hand, Jr.

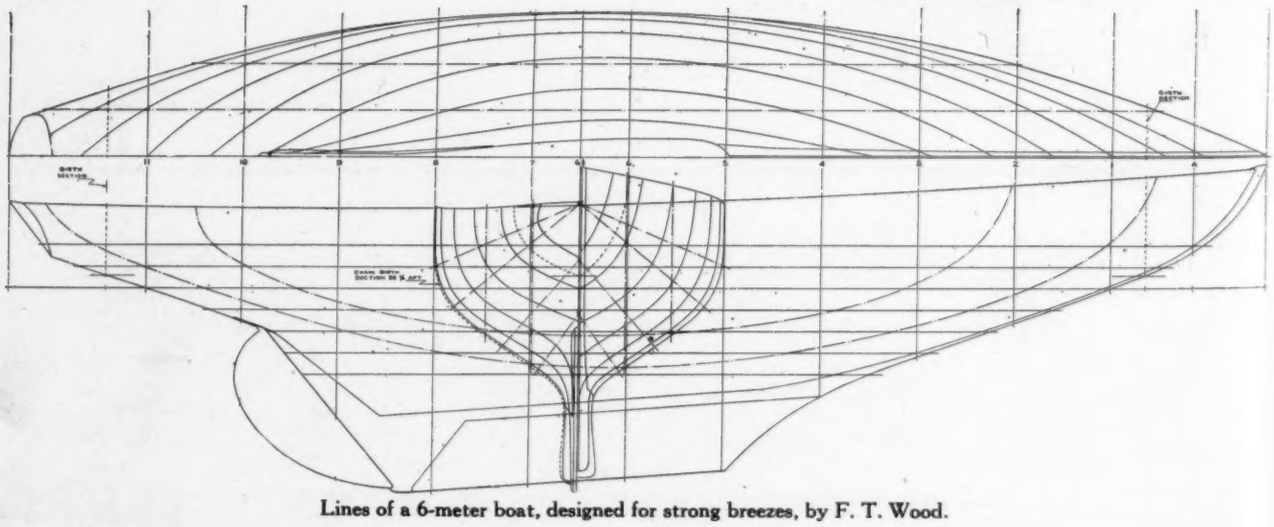
Night Hawk, a Hand-designed Auxiliary Schooner

The Reed-Cook Construction Co., of Boothbay Harbor, Maine, is building this most attractive cruising schooner from designs by W. H. Hand, Jr., of New Bedford, Mass. The lines are typical of Mr. Hand's best work, with a little less draft than average, while the deck arrangement shows a single cabin trunk and cockpit rather than two trunks and flush deck, the latter plan being the one usually employed. The construction is rugged, with double moulded sawn frames, 1½-inch planking, and ship type backbone, i. e., keel and keelson. A 5,000-lb. iron shoe will be carried on the keel, the rest of the ballast being inside.

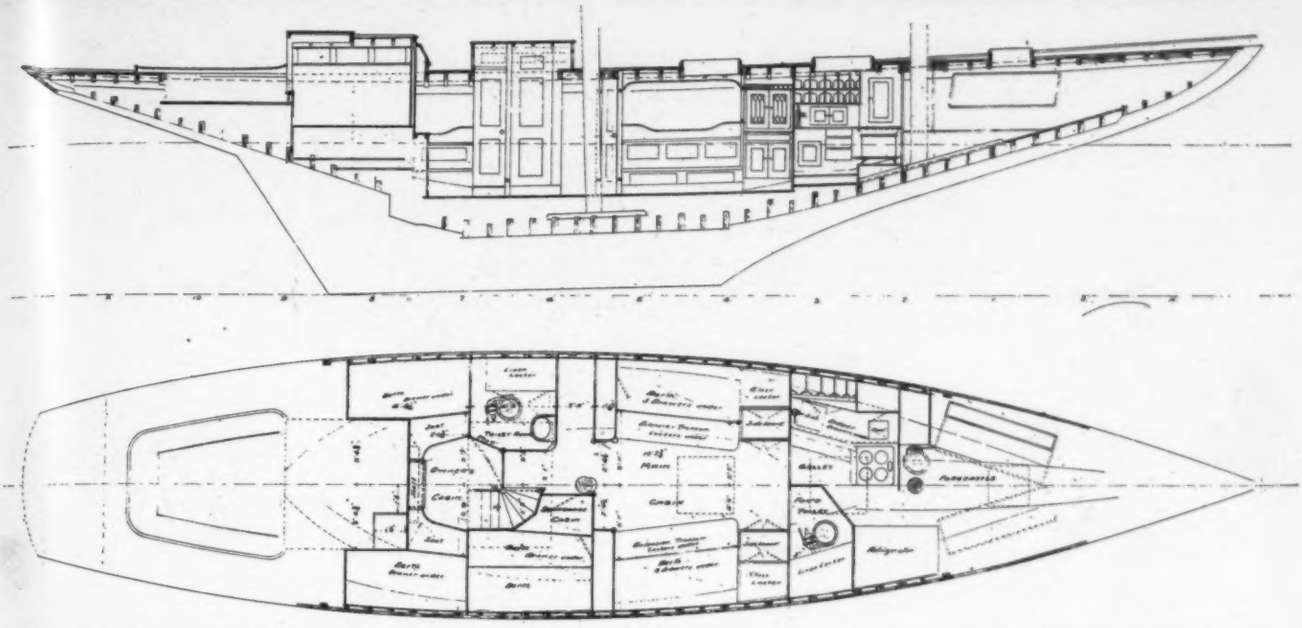
Night Hawk should sail well with 1,329 sq. ft. of canvas, while in calms she is expected to make close to 8 knots with her 30 h.p. W-S-M motor.

The dimensions of *Night Hawk* are as follows: L.O.A., 53 ft. 5 in.; L.W.L., 40 ft.; beam, 13 ft. 9 in.; draft, 6 ft. 1 in.

Sail plan of *Night Hawk*.



Lines of a 6-meter boat, designed for strong breezes, by F. T. Wood.

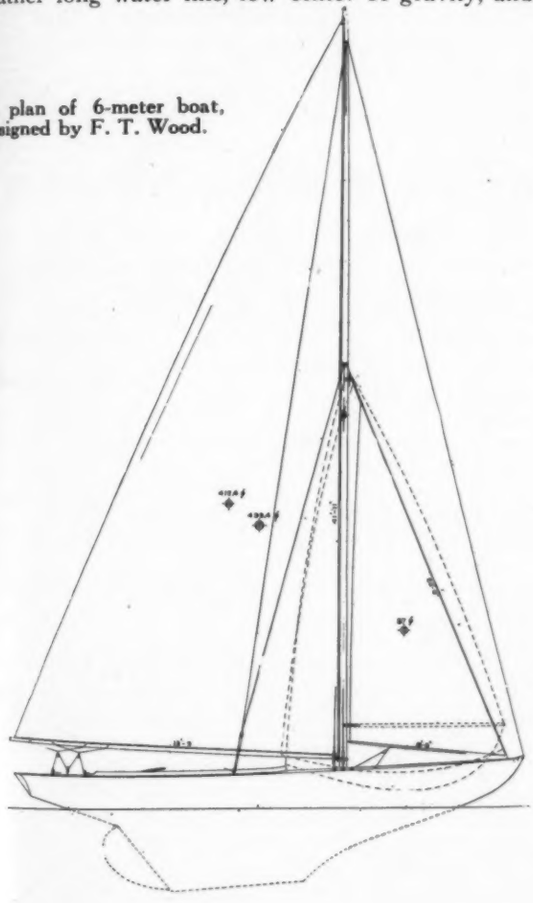


Accommodation plan and inboard profile of 65-foot overall schooner, designed by T. B. F. Benson for Norman Gooderham, of Toronto.

A 6-Meter Boat Designed for Strong Breezes and Reaching

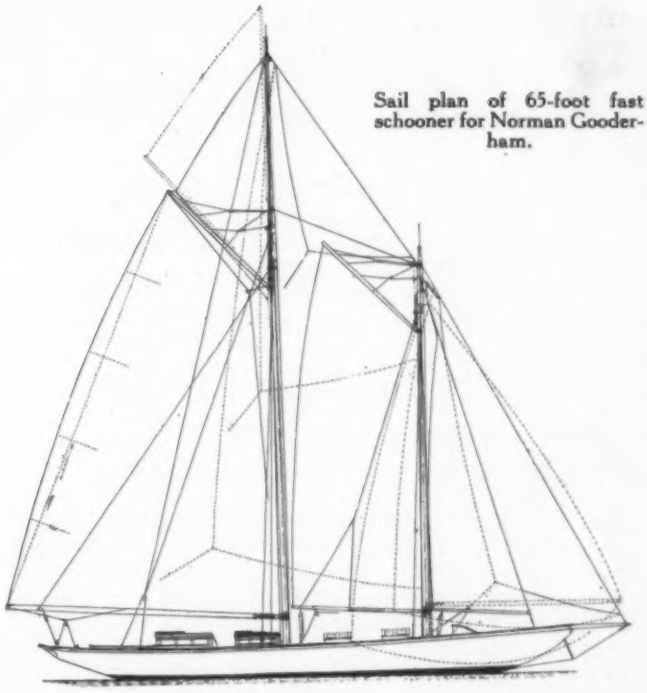
The accompanying design of a 6-meter boat was gotten up by F. T. Wood, Naval Architect, with the idea of producing a boat that would be at her best in heavy going and fast on a reach, points on which the British 6's were usually superior to the American craft. The design shows a rather long water line, low center of gravity, and less deadrise than is usual in the 6's, features favoring good performance in a breeze and lumpy water. The center of buoyancy is a bit further forward than customary, the center of lateral plane moving forward with it.

Following are the principal dimensions: L.O.A., 29 ft. 6 in.; L.W.L., 22 ft. 6 in.; beam, 6 ft. 9 in.; draft, 4 ft. 9 in.; displacement, 8,100 lbs., sail area, 503 sq. ft.



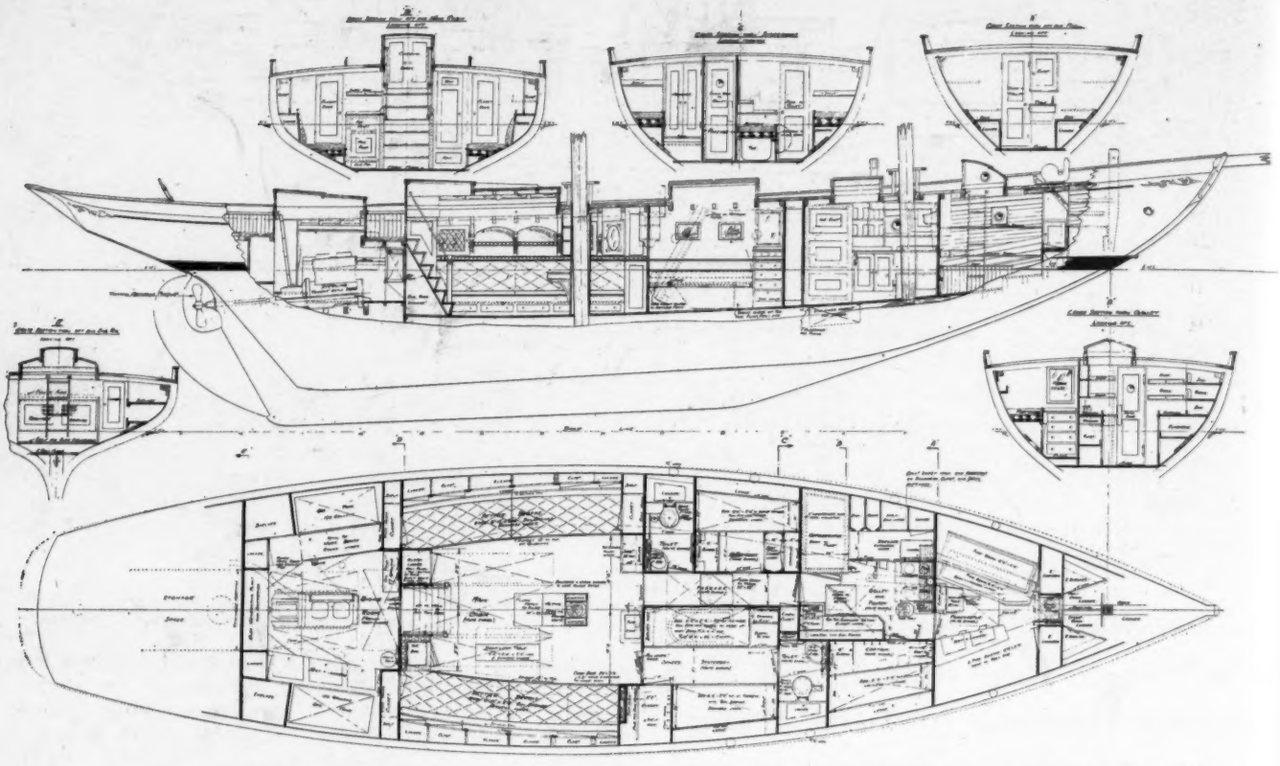
Sail plan of 6-meter boat, designed by F. T. Wood.

A 65-ft. Fast Auxiliary Cruising Schooner

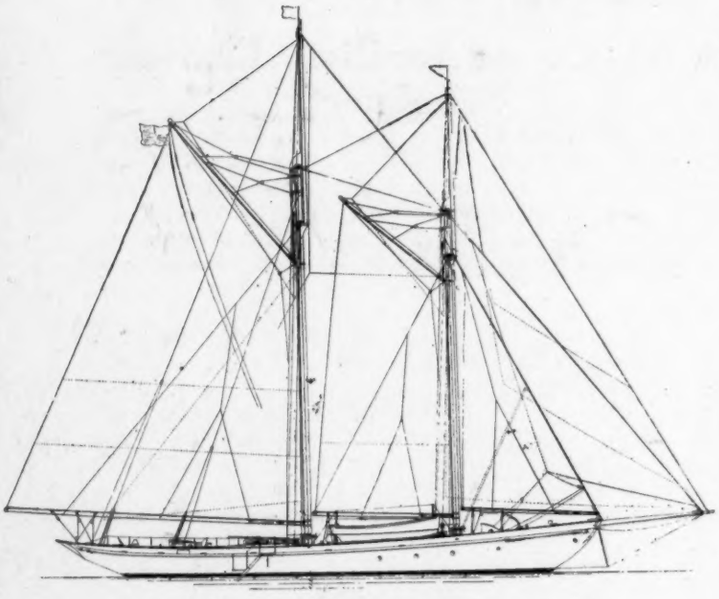


Sail plan of 65-foot fast schooner for Norman Gooderham.

A handsome schooner that is sure to attract much favorable comment this summer in Canadian waters is *Yolanda*, now nearing completion at the yard of Ditchburn Boats, Limited, Gravenhurst, Ontario. The new craft was de-



Plans of a 75-foot over all schooner yacht, designed by John G. Alden for Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, of St. Louis.



Sail plan of Alden-designed 75-foot schooner.

signed by T. B. F. Benson, Naval Architect, Toronto, for Norman F. Gooderham, who will use her for long and short cruising on the Great Lakes. The plans show her to be not only good looking, but able and seaworthy, and she should also prove fast under sail.

In addition to two large staterooms and a main cabin sleeping four, *Yolanda* has an innovation in the way of a low deck house over the separate engine compartment, containing two extension transoms and chart table. The galley and forecastle are well laid out, and special attention has been paid to providing ample locker space throughout the boat.

The power plant will be a 28-36 h.p. Red Wing, operating through a chain reduction gear, while a Unimote plant will supply current for electric lights.

She will be ready to go overboard early in June. Oh, yes, her dimensions are: length over all, 65 ft.; water line, 46 ft.; beam, 14 ft.; draft, 8 ft.

A 75-ft. Seagoing Schooner

The accompanying plans are of a fine flush deck auxiliary schooner designed for Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, of St. Louis, Mo., by John G. Alden, of Boston. The design is very similar to the many other successful schooners turned out by Alden, with moderate overhangs, pleasing sheer, fairly hard bilges, with part of the ballast in the form of an iron shoe on the keel, and the rest inside.

Below decks, aft, is a separate motor compartment, entered by a companionway from the cockpit. Forward of this is a large main cabin with four spring berths, lockers, closets, etc. Next forward, on the starboard side, is the owner's large double stateroom, separated by a passageway from a single stateroom on the port side, both staterooms having connecting toilet rooms. A large, well-equipped galley is on the port side forward, opposite which is a captain's stateroom. A roomy forecastle provides ample room for four paid hands, with plenty of stowage space in the forepeak. An unusual feature in the owner's stateroom is a bath tub concealed under a full-length bed which swings up on hinges when the tub is in use.

A 4-cylinder Sterling Trident motor, driving a Thompson feathering wheel, is expected to give a speed of somewhat better than 7 knots. Following are the dimensions: L.O.A., 75 ft.; L.W.L., 58 ft.; beam, 18 ft.; draft, 9 ft. 6 in.; sail area, 2,648 sq. ft.

In the Lee of the Long Boat

"OF all the wimming doubly blest
The sailor's wife's the happiest,
For all she does is stay to home
And knit and darn, and let 'im roam.

"Of all the husbands on the earth
The sailor has the finest berth;
For in 'is cabin he can sit
And sail and sail—and let 'er knit."

—*Credit to Wallace Irwin.*

* * * * * *

So many elements have to be reckoned with when picking a Bermuda Race winner that any predictions as to the outcome may easily "go flooey." Besides mere speed, weather conditions, navigation, the personal equation, luck—any one of these or several other things may completely upset the best pot of dope ever prepared. Still, if you catch me before the monthly pay check is entirely absorbed by the bootleggers and hat-check pirates, I *might* be induced to risk a few shekels on either *Memory, Fame* or *Flying Cloud* to win the Bermuda Cup and the Class A prize, *Northern Light* to win in Class B, and the *Lloyd W. Berry* to lead the Fisherman Class. But you'll have to be some sprinter to catch me!

* * * * * *

At last I have met a man who has actually used a sea anchor. Weston Martyr, erstwhile shipmate of Captain Voss, tells me he was mighty glad to have had one on board *Northern Light* when they were caught in a twister on their recent run from Nova Scotia to the States. According to Martyr, it is far better to ride to a sea anchor, with a riding sail set aft, than to heave-to under short canvas. The boat gives to the seas instead of resisting them, and lies almost bow on instead of almost beam to. Captain Voss preached this gospel, and Martyr is "carrying on," Of course, heaving-to under short canvas is all right in a moderate blow, but for safety and comfort in a real gale, the sea anchor seems to be the proper caper, especially in a small boat.

* * * * * *

Hoorah! The curved Marconi mast is doomed. It received a severe wallop when the 6-meter clan legislated against it, and now the New York Yacht Club, the acknowledged leader in racing affairs on this side of the pond, has delivered the finishing punch by barring the sprung spar from any of its competitions. The curved mast is responsible for much of the prejudice against the jib-header, for it was weak, impossible to stay properly, and sails were pulled out of shape by the mast assuming a curve it was never meant to have in it. I believe that any slight theoretical advantage in driving power was more than offset by the several disadvantages, and the quicker we relegate it to the scrap heap, the better off we'll be.

* * * * * *

The editor of one of our contemporaries seems much perturbed because the Bermuda Race Committee assumes the right to define a seagoing boat, and refuses to allow unsuitable craft to start. Personally, if my experience had been limited chiefly to houseboats and hydroplanes, I think I would be a bit "cagey" about criticizing a committee composed of men who are among the leaders in blue water cruising and racing. One might easily stub one's toe!

* * * * * *

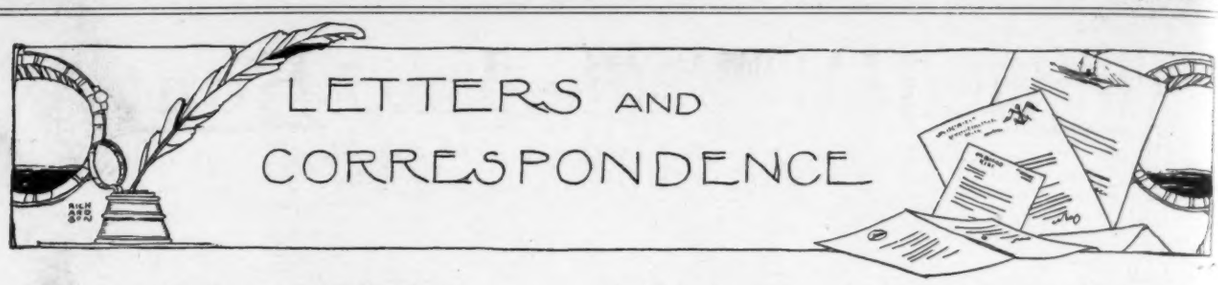
The performance of Gordon Prince's ketch *Anna A* is intensely interesting to me, for, according to John Alden, she is a prime self-steerer. I've sailed the schooner *Williwa,* a sister boat, and she didn't show any self-steering tendencies, so it looks as if the ketch rig did the trick, as has been suggested before, but not proved. If this is so, then watch the number of ketch-rigged craft increase just as fast as the cruising fraternity wake up to the advantages of having a boat that will take care of herself while the crew does a bit of enjoyable loafing.

* * * * * *

It was in last year's Bermuda Race, after three days of hard driving in boisterous weather. All day the crew had battled with squalls—reefing, lowering, hoisting away again. They were tired, wet, and feeling a bit low all around. Suddenly up pipes Sam Brown, the Silent One, as he wearily dragged his last pair of dry socks out of their hiding place: "So *this* is ocean racing!" Perhaps some of the owners who refuse to be inveigled into making the trip again this year are thinking along the same line as the Silent One.

* * * * * *

Up at St. Paul's School, Concord, there is a fine bunch of youngsters, a few of whom have had a bit of sailing experience. So Fred Gardiner, one of the younger instructors, and an enthusiastic sailor, offered to teach 'em a bit of real navigation in their spare time—and his. Can you imagine Fred's consternation when he was fairly swamped by thirty applications to join his class? Again, at Camp Mashnee, Buzzard's Bay, the youngsters fairly fought for the privilege of sailing in the one-design class of knockabouts, and this year are clamoring to take a cruise in the 60-ft. yawl which the Camp has procured. Believe me, just give the rising generation a chance, and they'll show the world we're a lot nearer being a nation of seagoers than the world ever thought we were.



A Reply to An Old Hand

EDITOR YACHTING:—

In your May issue of 1924, we note that you express the hope that some builder will take issue with "An Old Hand."

The Old Hand is living in Darien, Conn., only a short distance from us, so that it seems only logical and right that we should give him an opportunity to secure his boat for nothing if it can be done. No doubt you have the address of "An Old Hand," and we trust you will forward this letter to him as well as publish it in your column.

We will be glad to take up this man's proposition just as he makes it, but with the proviso that the boat must be seaworthy, of good construction and that it is to be powered with a suitable all-marine power plant (automobile engines excluded). It is further provided that he must give us all the help we may require to complete the arrangements which we will make with him.

As far as we can see it only remains for you to vouch for us as builders, which we think you will do after having seen our work on the Stars and small cruisers which we have built.

May we have your co-operation in showing why a boat really does cost more than it did a few years ago?

Very truly yours,

Riverside, Conn. New England Boat Works.

"Old Hand" Comes Through

EDITOR YACHTING:—

Several people seem to have gotten all het up over my letter in the May issue, in which I took the builders to task for turning out such costly *little* boats. In the first place, I would like to say that my reason for signing that letter "An Old Hand," was simply because I didn't particularly court notoriety—but I am perfectly willing to stand back of what I said. And since you want to know who I am and what I've got on my mind, why let's go buddy, let's go!

What I complained of was that the present tendency in the construction of small cruising craft seems to be "the least boat for the most money." It struck me as ridiculous that a man should have to pay a price somewhere up in the thousands for a little spit-kit that you can hardly change your shirt in—and it still does. I admit that some of these are mighty attractive little boats, well designed and no doubt well built, but as I see it, the value simply isn't there. The worst of it is that when you set a price of around $3,000 on a craft of 30 feet o. a. length, you are leaving the man who can pay only $1,000 or $1,500, out in the cold altogether, because you can't build anything much smaller and have a cruising boat at all. This seems a sad state of affairs and, in my opinion, one which is going to ruin the sport by making cruising a rich man's game. To be sure, there are lots of old boats that can be bought for less, but that does not add to the fleet—it is merely a transfer.

I believe that the builders, and to a certain extent the designers as well, are on the wrong track. It is all right to build these smart and handsome little cruisers for them as can buy 'em, but at the same time we ought to put on our thinking caps and try to dope out some means of keeping the people who can't go that high in the game, too, or else—you know the answer as well as I do.

Furthermore, I believe this can be done. There are lots of fellows who want cruising boats and yet who don't insist upon having *yachts*. That is the distinction which the builders seem to have missed clean. For example, my own cruising began thirty years ago in a flat-bottomed sloop which my two brothers built in less than a month. She was a sort of sharpie with exaggerated beam and trunk cabin. She was no yacht (God knows!) and we called her the *Thunderer* because of her manner of going to windward, but she was stanch and surprisingly able and we cruised in her for weeks on end. An interesting example of the same sort of craft is the present yawl *Adventure*. She is one of the most comfortable boats of her size that I know. Of course, any sailorman would *prefer* a boat with round bilges, but the main thing right now is to give us something we can cruise in *and pay for, too*. Necessity seems to have fallen down on her job as the mother of invention.

For the powerboat man the problem is far simpler than for the sailor. There is a type of hull which is very cheap to build, easy to drive at low speeds, will carry a lot of weight, and is perhaps the ablest thing afloat when propelled by power. That is the plain, ordinary fisherman's dory. They are built for commercial use up to 18 feet in length, but there is no reason that I know, structural or otherwise, why a dory should not be built 25 or even 30 feet long. With a low trunk cabin and a good, reliable heavy duty kicker, she would make a whale of a cruiser. Open confession is good for the soul: this idea is not original. I saw such a craft only two or three years ago. She was 21 feet long. A fellow down in Newport owned her and used her to go fishing in. He told me that he had had her built to order, and that the hull, complete, cost less than the second-hand Palmer he put in her. I believe the whole layout stood him about $400, and he had a boat that would go anywhere there was water.

Now it is true that the dory model has been adapted to yacht design. But in that word "adapted" lies all the trouble. It means getting away from the simple, cheap construction and going in for such things as rounded sections and curved stems. The result is quadrupled cost and not much else—except, perhaps, a more "yachty" appearance. There, as I see it, lies the crux of the whole matter. If one of the builders now turning out commercial dories would put his mind to it, I am convinced he could give us a 25-foot cruiser such as I have tried to describe, plainly furnished, but strong and stanch, for less than $1,000, and make a fair profit on the job. And I don't think he'd have to beg people to buy 'em!

JOHN T. ROWLAND.

Let's Preserve a Whaler

EDITOR YACHTING:—

Your editorial in current YACHTING anent getting the gang together to preserve one of the old whalers struck a responsive chord in me. If it can be done no other way, we certainly have enough yacht clubs in this country—and perhaps in each a few men not so badly bitten by the speed bug that they cannot sometimes in their dreams

see the square-rigger as she once was—to be able to raise the relatively small sum of money that would probably be required to save at least one of the old timers. I have no suggestion to press, but if each yacht club would work up a subscription list, accepting any amount that a member might feel able to give, it seems to me the money could be raised. The question as to the vesting of the actual ownership, location and a host of minor details naturally occur instanter to anyone who has ever been connected with anything of the sort, but these could be straightened out. The Cruising Club of America would seem the logical organization to control the thing.

I believe one or two of the New Bedford organizations had a similar project in mind some months ago, but what came of it I do not know—apparently nothing—and possibly they could be relied on to co-operate. Why could the old craft not be used for a clubhouse as you have hinted and why not, further, take her out for an annual cruise if sound and it did not cost too much to refit.

It is a project that interests me greatly. I would contribute my mite, small though it would have to be. And I would be glad also to contribute what I could in the way of working for the cause if there is anything that I could do.

M. C. CONWELL.

Sea Lure's Alibi

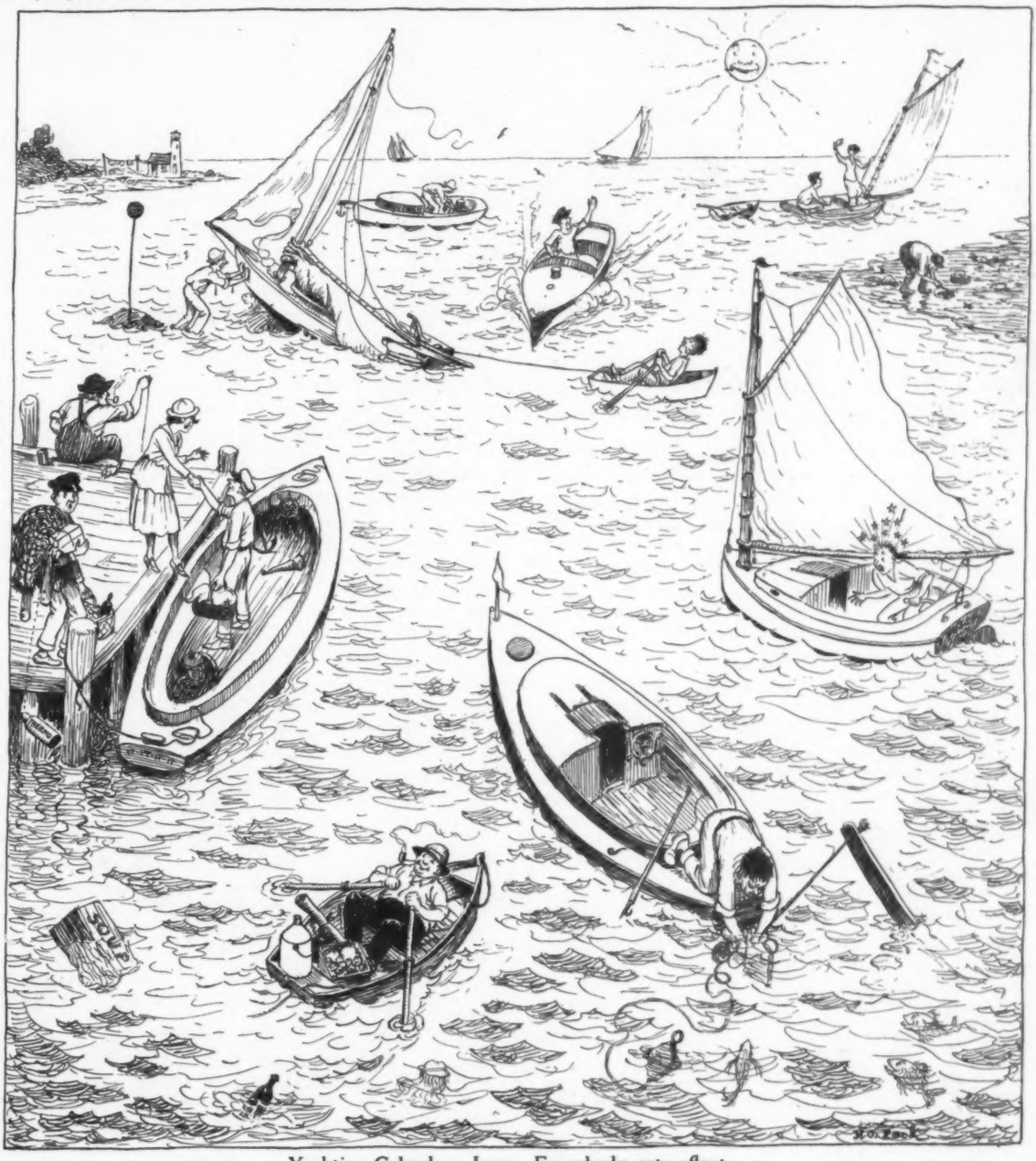
EDITOR YACHTING:—

Under "Bermuda Race News," in the May number of YACHTING, you point out there is only one entry in the Sail and Power division.

Nothing would please me better than to enter *Sea Lure* in the race, but business, unfortunately, prevents my taking an extended trip before the end of July, so that a cold water cruise to Nova Scotia will have to suffice.

Sea Lure's engine was not used after leaving Vineyard lightship last year, but on the run home we used it fifty continuous hours in calm and light head winds, fully demonstrating the work of the new type boat of which *Ruswego, Jean, Cheerio,* and *Sea Lure* are forerunners.

GEORGE B. DOANE.



Yachting Calendar—June. Everybody gets afloat.

Steering Gears for Models

By THOMAS DARLING

ONE of the most important items in the building and outfitting of a miniature sailing boat is the steering gear. The performance under sail of the most perfectly balanced craft can be utterly spoiled if the rudder does not function properly when reaching or running. When a yacht is sailing close to the wind or beating, no rudder is needed provided she is properly balanced.

As everyone who has sailed a miniature knows, the wind pressure on the mainsail tends to force the bow of the boat into the wind's eye. This tendency must be overcome, and we meet it by employing an automatic steering device in connection with the rudder. The rudder should work with the greatest possible freedom. There must be no binding or undue friction at any point, such as pintle or in tube. Lubrication will help eliminate any chance of these conditions obtaining.

In Fig. 1 we have a very simple type of steering gear. The rudder stock is slotted and a tiller is fitted pointing toward the stern. Holes are bored in the after end of the tiller for the elastic band or spring and for the mainsheet, shown at A. The beating sheet, not attached to the rudder, is cast off, and the running sheet A tautens, due to the wind-pressure on the sail. This carries the tiller over to leeward and counteracts the tendency of the boat to come into the wind. The angle that the rudder makes with the center-line of the boat is determined by the regulator, D. The rubber band, shown at C, serves to bring the rudder amidships again when the breeze slackens. The mainsheet is carried forward to an eye at the goose-neck and is adjusted for length by a bowser, shown at E.

The beating sheet, B, is used for close windward work, and the sheet, A, is slackened so that the rudder is brought amidships by the tension of the rubber band. This arrangement is simple, and will do good service.

Fig. 2 shows a steering gear that is more like the real thing. We see here a tiller shaped true to life and fitted to the rudder head at the proper angle. The forward end has three holes, the one in center being for the rubber band or spring and the two side holes for the ends of the sheet bridle as shown at A. This device works as follows: the mainsail, pulling on the bridle of the main sheet, tautens the part A. The tiller is drawn to windward and prevents the boat coming around too far into the wind. The regulator determines the amount of the swing the rudder is to have, and the rubber band or spring is shown at C. The tension on this can be adjusted by the use of the pin-rack as shown in sketch. The length of the sheet is controlled as in Fig. 1, by a bowser arrangement on the main boom. When close hauled or beating, the sheet B is used and the running sheet is completely slack. The rudder automatically returns to the amidship position due to strain on the band or spring, and can be locked by the nuts on the regulator D. If this arrangement is used one must use fair-leaders or blocks on the sheet bridle. Unless this is done you will have too much friction to overcome for the device to function efficiently. This is especially true when the bridle becomes wet.

Fig. 3 shows a type of steering gear which is very popular in England and is the invention of an enthusiast named Braine. The gear consists of a T-shaped tiller or quadrant which attaches to the rudder head, two pulleys or blocks, a pin rack and a rubber cord with a bowser for adjusting tension.

A series of holes are bored in the forward edge of the quadrant as shown at A. The ends of the crossed sheet bridle, B, are attached here. C shows the arrangement of the centering line. The loop passes over the hook aft, runs through an eye in the after end of the tiller, one part passing on each side of the rudder stock and is rigged for tightening as shown, with a bowser.

The arrangement shown for controlling length of main sheet can be adapted to this steering device, and the many holes in the quadrant allow for a fine adjustment when tuning up the boat. The pin rack can be adjusted to determine the swing of the rudder. With this steering gear, as with the others, the rudder must be perfectly free in its action.

The last steering device which we shall consider is the one shown in Fig. 4. This gear consists of a bar tiller, A, which slides forward or aft in a sleeve or fitting, B. The sleeve is fitted accurately to the rudder head, and secured with a machine screw. The fitting can be notched slightly, as shown, to allow the eye for the sheet block to properly center on rudder head. The pulley or block should be in this position when the boat is closehauled and no rudder action is required.

The housing C regulates the swing or rudder angle. As the tiller is moved forward the swing is lessened until zero is registered at B. The reverse condition is obtained by sliding the tiller aft. The main sheet, D, is rove through a block as shown, and is paid out or trimmed by moving the pin, E, along the rack, F. It will be noted that only one sheet is required for both running and beating with this gear. This is a decided advantage, two maneuvers changing the boat from beating to running, i.e., pull tiller out, slack main sheet. In Figs. 1, 2 and 3, the beating sheet is necessary because of the pull exerted on the rudder whenever the running sheet is taut. Th rudder has absolute freedom of action, in Fig. 4, therefore the flow of water past the hull tends to keep the rudder amidships when the sheet block is at zero.

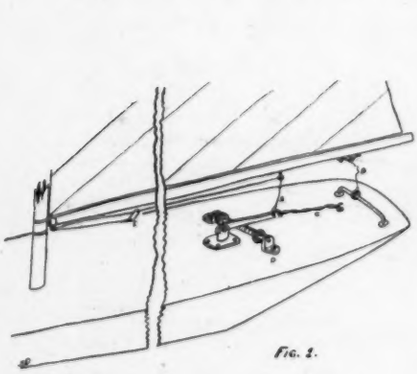


Fig. 1.

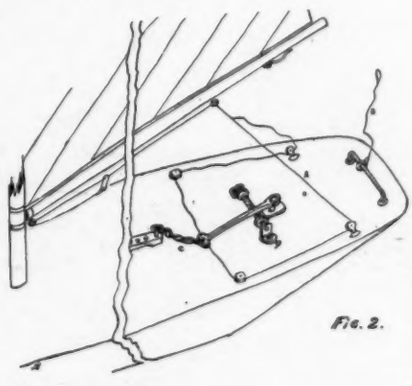


Fig. 2.

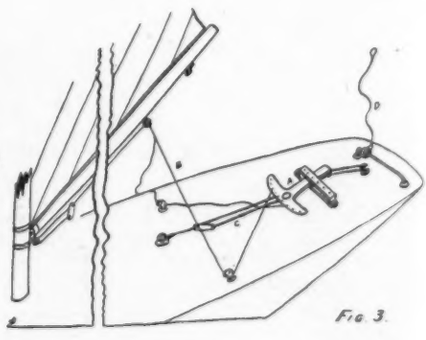
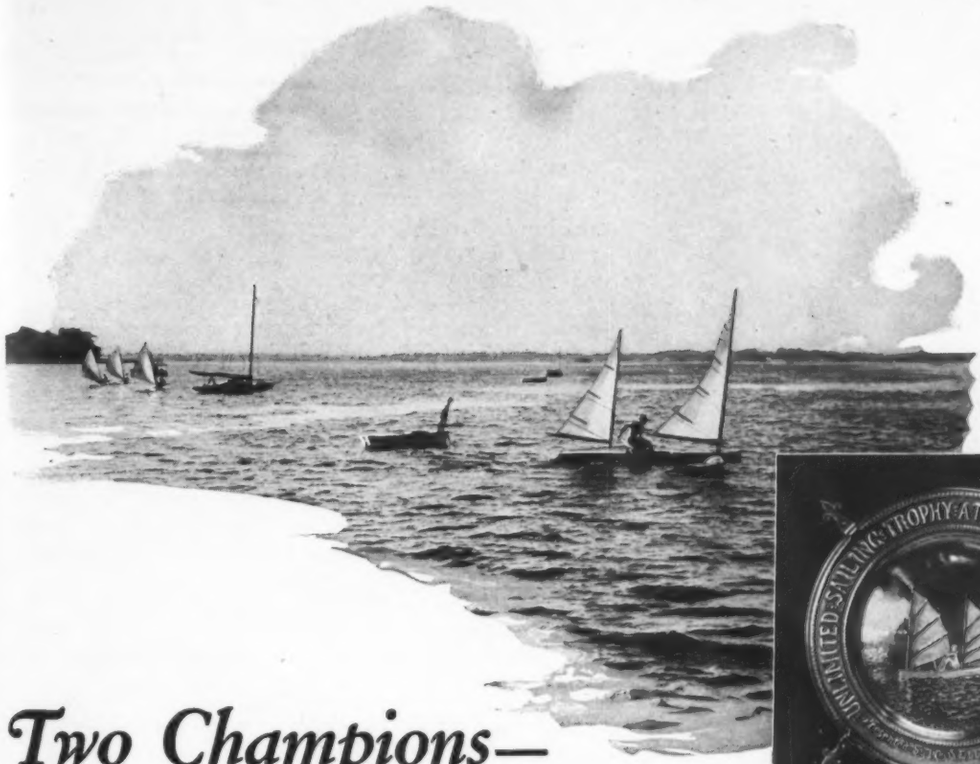


Fig. 3.



At the left is the "Maris," sailed by its owner, Edwin J. Ahrens of New York, in the race in which he won the "Elliott" trophy shown below.

Two Champions— Valsparred, of Course!

The "Faun"—Winner of the Gothenberg canoe races. Owned and sailed by William H. Lux of Brooklyn, N. Y.

LAST summer two new triumphs were added to the crown of Hilding Froling, the well-known canoe designer of Arlington, New Jersey. At home, the "Maris" won the Atlantic Division Championship of the American Canoe Association and with it the "Elliott" trophy. Abroad, the "Faun" was awarded the special trophy at the canoe races held in connection with the Athletic Games at Gothenberg, Sweden.

Both these winning canoes were built from designs prepared by Mr. Froling, and both were finished with Valspar.

Valspar is the ideal varnish for every kind ot watercraft. Durable and waterproof, it never turns white. One application *now* will keep your canoe bright and ship-shape *all season.*

Valspar comes in colors, too—Valspar Varnish-Stains and Valspar-Enamels. The Varnish-Stains are Valspar itself plus transparent wood-stains in 6 shades. In the Enamels you have a choice of 12 non-fading, solid-covering colors: Red, *light and deep;* Blue, *light, medium and deep;* Green, *medium and deep;* Ivory; Bright Yellow; Vermilion; Gray and Brown. Also White, Black, Gold, Bronze and Aluminum.

Send the coupon for liberal samples.

This coupon is worth 20 cents to $1.60

VALENTINE'S VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

VALENTINE & COMPANY
460 Fourth Ave., New York

I enclose dealer's name and stamps, amounting to 20c for each 40c sample can checked at right. (Only one sample of each product supplied at this special price. Write plainly.)

Dealer's Name .....
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Clear Valspar	☐
Valspar Bronze Bottom Paint	☐
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Gold Paint	☐
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Yacht Black	☐
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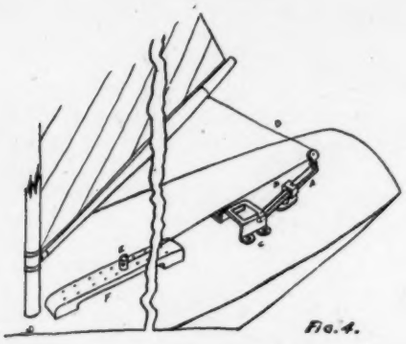


This is the type of steering gear, or one somewhat similar to it, used on the Cup Defender *Polka Dot*, in the last International Model Yacht Race.

New Boston Model Yacht Club

MODEL yachtsmen of the United States will be pleased to hear of the formation in Boston, during the winter, of a club for the building and sailing of model yachts, known as The Boston Model Yacht Club. A number of enthusiastic yachtsmen as well as model yacht sailors are interested in the new club and the first Commodore is John Black, and secretary, Fred Pigeon.

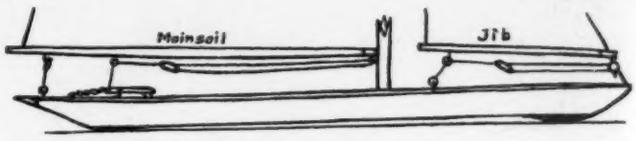
A fine example of model maker's art. The ship, *Great Admiral*, of Boston, built in 1869 and lost in the Pacific in 1906. The model was made by E. T. Tanner, of Boston. It took 800 hours to make it and there are 500 copper plates on the bottom, where the original ship was coppered.

Mr. Black has been interested in sailing full-sized yachts and formerly owned the racing boats *Flirt, Mildred II*, and other yachts known in Boston and Marblehead waters. Norman L. Skene is measurer of the new organization.

A number of models have been built for members of the club during the winter, and a program of racing has been worked out for the summer. It is probable that the Club will send a team down to compete in the Eagle Cup Series of the Model Yacht Racing Association of America next September. Judging from the enthusiasm shown by members of this club, the organization will doubtless be one of the leading model yacht clubs in the United States in a very short time.

Model Yacht Racing at Put-in-Bay

One of the novel events of the Interlake Regatta, to be held the week of July 13, at Put-in-Bay, Ohio, will be the model sail and power boat races. This sport is growing fast and is gaining in popularity each season. The Interlake Yachting Association of the Great Lakes is putting up six medals for model races.



Method of rigging jib and main sheets on a model yacht.

Every model boat owner belonging to an Interlake club or any recognized model boat club is asked to be on hand and get into the fray. There will be races in Classes A, B, C, D, with handicaps. The racing rules of the Model Yacht Racing Association of America will be generally adopted. The judges will be selected by the Interlake Association.

Every entry must have certified certificate of rating. For information write Commodore H. S. Miller, 3431 Park Avenue, Detroit, Mich. Make your entry to above address as soon as possible so that you will not be disappointed in row boat service.

Mr. Miller is Commodore of the Detroit Model Yacht Club and owner of the undefeated Class C model *Embree*. But members of that club want any eligible model owner to step up and help trim this boat.

The power boat races take in any boat propelled by steam, from 24 to 40 inches in length. The entries received are sufficient to assure a very interesting and hotly contested event.

The Detroit Model Yacht Club is a live and fast-going organization of model enthusiasts in both sail and power models. They have, to this date, over twenty boats of each type.

Photo by Kadel and Herbert

Racing miniature power boats on the lake at Brockwell Park, England. Model power boat enthusiasts get lots of fun out of racing. Some of these craft make speeds up to 40 miles per hour. They are usually steam powered

Publication Date Advanced

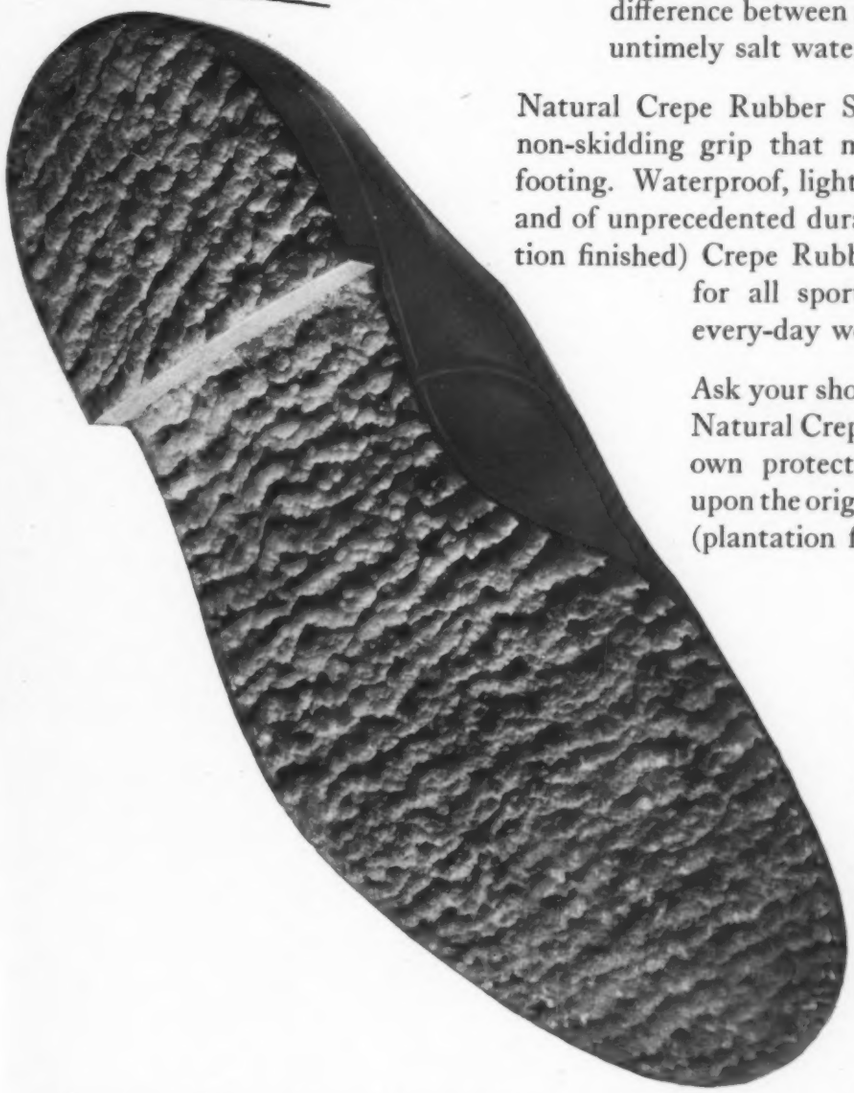
Beginning with this issue of YACHTING, the publication date has been advanced from the tenth of the month of issue to the first. This means that YACHTING readers will get the magazine and can purchase it on the news-stands on the first of each month instead of the tenth as heretofore. We feel that this is a move that will be appreciated by those who read the magazine regularly.

Over the Side on Crepe Rubber Soles

WHEN the "running boat" waits at the gangway—and the sea is choppy, grating wet, boat bouncing around like a cork in a cauldron—a sure step means the difference between a nice trip ashore and an untimely salt water plunge.

Natural Crepe Rubber Soles afford a tenacious, non-skidding grip that makes you sure of your footing. Waterproof, light, resilient, non-skidding, and of unprecedented durability, Natural (plantation finished) Crepe Rubber makes the ideal sole for all sports shoes, as well as for every-day wear on the streets.

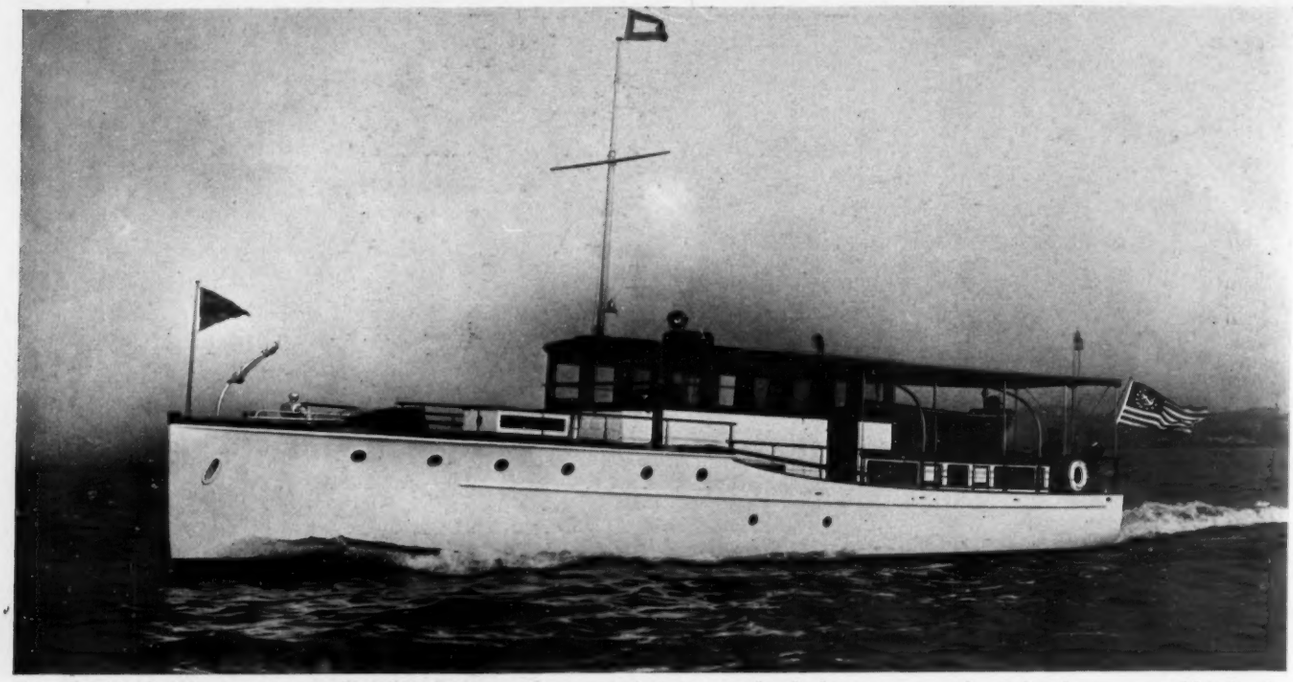
Ask your shoe dealer to show you the Natural Crepe Rubber Sole. For your own protection be sure and insist upon the original and genuine Natural (plantation finished) Crepe Rubber.



Natural Crepe Rubber has a peculiar gristly texture which gives unequalled durability, making the most economical sole in existence. The combination of lightness, flexibility, resiliency and particularly the unprecedented durability has made Natural Crepe Rubber the choice sole of the sports world.

RUBBER GROWERS ASSOCIATION, INC.

2-3-4 Idol Lane, Eastcheap, London, E. C. 3



The Elco 56′ deck-house motor yacht, which has enough accommodations to make the boat a summer home for the owner and his family.

OF INTEREST TO THE SKIPPER

A 56-Footer for Summer or Winter Cruising

THE moderate sized power cruiser from 50 to 60 feet in length is very much in demand just now on account of the room that a boat of this size affords for living aboard during the summer, or during a winter in Florida, as well as by reason of its economy of upkeep. The fact that one can get boats of this size from a stock design, thus taking advantage of the saving in first cost due to the standardization of building, has made the Elco 56-foot Deck House Motor Yacht extremely popular.

These boats are 56′ 6″ long o.a., with a beam of 13′ 5″ and draft of 3′ 3″, the displacement being 30,000, and headroom in the cabin 6′ 2″. If one merely looks at the dimensions of this yacht he will get no indication of the unusual size and accommodation possible aboard her. The outstanding features of this particular yacht are the commodious deck house, which is used as a dining saloon and lounging-room as well as for protection in inclement weather, and staterooms and sleeping accommodations for six to eight persons, living aboard.

The boats are of excellent design with plenty of deck space and give the accommodations of many boats 75 to 80 feet in length without the attendant expense of large crew and upkeep. The Elco Company claim that in regard to expense of operation it is possible to charge off insurance, yearly upkeep, club dues, storage and the expense of cruising over 1,000 miles, with a crew of three men, for approximately $2,500. It is figures such as these that make this type of boat so popular.

A Boost for Geo. L. Chaisson and Palmer Motors

The little auxiliary pictured herewith was designed by her owner, Mr. R. S. Bassett, of Buffalo, N. Y., and built last year by George L. Chaisson, of Swampscott, Mass. She is 22 ft. o.a., 9 ft. beam and 3 ft. 10 in. draft, and though a pretty husky craft, Mr. Bassett writes that a single-cylinder Palmer sends her along at a real 7-mile clip. He goes on to say, "The hull does not leak a drop. I have owned several high-speed motor boats with which it was necessary to hire a man to pump them out every day, and this tight boat is a pleasure. G. L. Chaisson, whose 'ad' I saw in YACHTING, is a real builder, and I can heartily recommend him to any one wishing a real boat."

A 22-foot auxiliary, owned by R. S. Bassett, of Buffalo, and built by George L. Chaisson.

Fresh Butter Without Ice

Those who went in the Bermuda Race last year found that in most cases their ice did not last over three days after they left New London, and that the balance of the cruise was made practically without ice. This was particularly hard on those who were not supplied with butter that would keep without ice. Several of the boats were lucky enough to be provided with Gold Seal butter, made by James Rowland, of New York.

This is not a nut or preserved butter, but is absolutely fresh and comes in tins, from one pound up, which can be opened when desired. It kept absolutely, without any taste or odor, even with no ice, and it was equal at all times to the best butter procurable in the best hotels and restaurants ashore. This butter has to be ordered direct from James Rowland & Company, as there is no distribution among dealers. It costs no more than fresh creamery butter, and Bermuda Race owners and all yacht owners going on a cruise should stock up with it.

This company is shipping much of

Only Elto

Designed and Built by Ole Evinrude

GIVES YOU All These Valuable Features

This year you surely want an Elto Outboard Motor. Nothing else will add so much pleasure and satisfaction at so little cost. When you want to speed out to your favorite fishing spot, or when you want to cruise restfully around lake or stream—when you want to visit friends, go shopping, take in the movies or a dance at the pavilion, your Elto will always be ready. And this new Motor of Ole Evinrude's is so towering in its advantages, you will be satisfied with nothing less in an Outboard Motor.

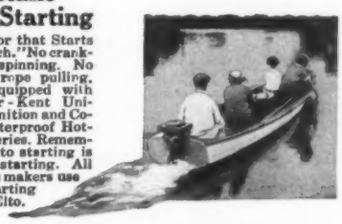
3 H. P.
Fastest Light Twin

Easy to Carry
Lightest of all Motors for its power. Less than 17 lbs. per H. P. Most compact, balances in hand for easy carrying.

GreaterSpeed
With an Elto, you always set the pace. You never trail. Greater power plus stream-line design, give matchless speed—as proven by national and international races.

Fits Carrying Case Without Taking Apart
Rudder folds back and locks, to form most compact package. Slips into handy carrying case without taking Motor apart.

Instant Easy Starting
"The Motor that Starts with a Touch." No cranking. No spinning. No awkward rope pulling, because equipped with Atwater-Kent Uni-Sparker ignition and Columbia waterproof Hot-Shot Batteries. Remember magneto starting is not easy starting. All automobile makers use battery starting—so does Elto.



Safe Rudder Steering
No tiresome, cramped position. No sudden reversing of Motor to endanger boat passengers. Steers easily from any part of boat, or self-steers in straight course, leaving both hands free. Safe in rough waters. Perfect landing control after Motor is shut off.

Extra Long Life
Because of larger bearings—stronger shafts. Full-length cast aluminum shock-proof frame protects propeller shaft. Never breaks or gets out of alignment. Gears always held in correct mesh.

More Power
50% More Power. Full 3 H. P. "Bucks" the rough seas safely. Pulls its load in any type of boat, easily and speedily.

Propello Pump
Propeller pressure keeps water circulating. Ends all water pump troubles. Not a single moving part. No valves to stick. No parts to wear. Cools Motor perfectly in muddy, sandy or salt waters. Never clogs.

Do not confuse the Easy-Starting Light-Weight Elto Twin with any other Outboard Motor, as for 10 years, Ole Evinrude, founder of the industry, has had no connection with any other Outboard Motor Company. The Elto is built in his own factory, under his personal direction.

Write for FREE Catalog Today!

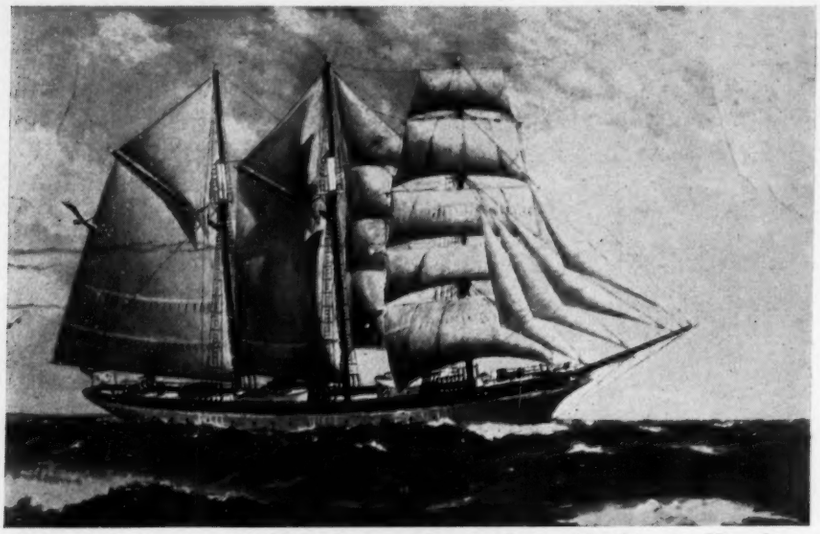
This year you will see Eltos everywhere. Advance orders exceed all records. Thousands are turning to the Motor which not only gives more speed and power, but which Ole Evinrude's genius and long years of experience have made free from starting troubles, free from pump troubles, easier to carry and much more durable. Have an Elto demonstration—then decide. Write for Free Catalog today.

ELTO OUTBOARD MOTOR CO.
OLE EVINRUDE, President
Dept. 2 Manufacturers' Home Bldg. Milwaukee, Wis.

ELTO OUTBOARD MOTOR CO.
Dept. 2, Manufacturers' Home Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.
Gentlemen:—Send me complete catalog describing the 1924 Elto Outboard Motor.

Name.....

Address.....



A barkentine rigged auxiliary Diesel powered yacht designed by Tams & King for a western yachtsman for offshore cruising.

this butter to the Congo district of Africa, which means that it has to be sent through tropical climate, where it is sometimes three months before it is used. Those who receive it are loud in their praise of its quality and have requested that more be sent out on every ship sailing from New York for this district.

The Nantucket Cruiseabout

In order to meet the demand for a satisfactory cabin power cruiser at a price in keeping with what the man who drives a Dodge, Buick or a Hudson car can afford, the Nantucket Boat Works have been devoting their energy to turning out a boat that will fill the bill for those who want to spend the summer afloat.

For some years boating magazines have advocated following the lead of motor car manufacturers and bringing prices down by standardization and improved manufacturing methods for boats. Many of the builders have been afraid to tackle the problem for fear that there were not enough buyers in the market. The Nantucket Boat Works have confidence in the size of the market and have satisfied themselves that they can produce a cruiser possessing the essential qualities of roominess, seaworthiness and reliability at a price within the reach of the Dodge, Buick and Hudson buyer. The result is the Nantucket Cruiseabout—a high grade, able, power cruiser, 22½′ long o.a., 8′ 3″ beam, 2′ 3″ draft, and powered with a Gray 4-cylinder 20 h.p. motor, turning a Hyde propeller.

The design shows the influence of the sturdy type developed on Nantucket after the famous Cape Cod catboats. The generous beam insures stability, while the shallow draft gives the owner access to many beautiful inlets and harbors not open to the average cruiser. There is plenty of room in the boat, as the plans will show, and she is an able little packet, sold at a price that is much below that which is charged for boats of the same size built singly and without standardized production methods.

Sterling-powered Great Lakes Cruiser Breaks Record

Some time ago the cruiser *Kingfisher,* owned by J. F. Doherty, of Boston, Mass., hung up a record for the trip from Charleston to Jacksonville by the inside route. This record stood until the cruiser *Roamer III* came along and negotiated the distance in a little over 24 hours running time, breaking *Kingfisher's* record and hanging up a mark which will undoubtedly stand for some time.

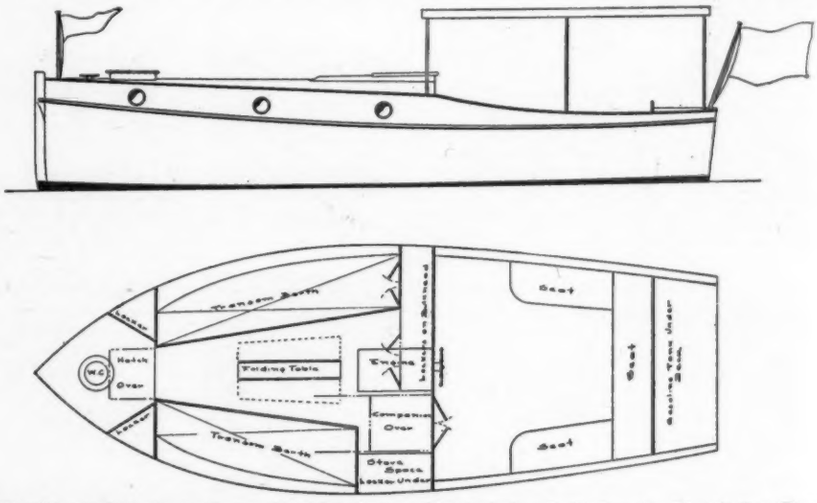
Roamer III is one of the stock Great Lakes Express cruisers, powered with twin Sterling motors. The fact that hull and motors are in their fifth season is a tribute to the staunchness of Great Lakes construction, and to the reliability and efficiency of the high power, high speed Sterlings, which functioned perfectly throughout the trip.

A Seagoing Barkentine

The accompanying photograph of an oil painting by Mr. C. R. Slawter shows a barkentine recently designed by Tams & King, for a western yachtsman. This unusual and interesting craft will be built this fall and used in extensive cruises off shore. Her dimensions are as follows: L.O.A., 125 ft.; L.W.L., 100 ft.; beam, 24 ft.; draft, 12 ft. 6 in. She will be equipped with a Winton Diesel motor, with which a cruising speed of 9 knots is expected, and a cruising radius under power of over 5,000 miles. The accommodations are unusually commodious, there being two double and two single staterooms each with adjoining bath, besides a large living saloon. The new boat will make a notable addition to the fleet of large auxiliaries which are becoming more and more popular.

A 2,100-mile Trip in a Casey 26-footer

Seven days out of New Bedford, Mass., the little Casey 26-foot auxiliary sloop *Patsy* dropped her hook off Norfolk, Va., having made a fast passage on the first leg of a 2,100-mile trip to her home port, Tampa, Fla. *Patsy* is owned by Mr. Hudson Wall, son of the Mayor of Tampa, who is enthusiastic in his reports on the performance of his craft, both under sail and when driven by her sturdy Palmer motor. Mayor Wall joined the party at Norfolk, and *Patsy* is now pushing her way steadily southward towards Tampa.



The Nantucket Cruiseabout, 22½ feet long. She is being built by the Nantucket Boat Works for the man who wants a small, able cruiser at a moderate price.

COAST GUARD

STERLING COAST GUARD

United States Treasury Department

has awarded

The Sterling Engine Company

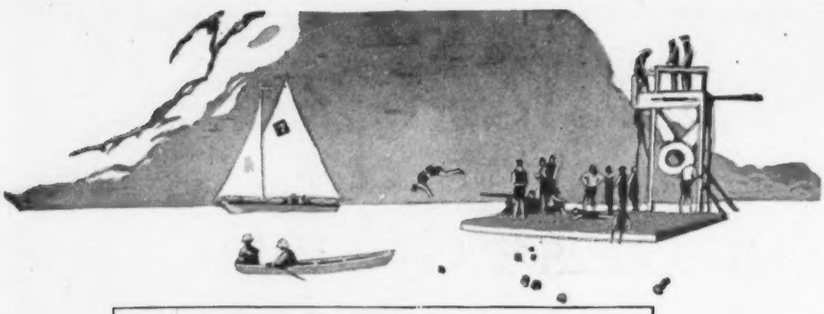
a contract for engines to power the large fleet of boats for "off shore duty"---to be used by the U. S. COAST GUARD

The Department recognizes the merit of

STERLING ENGINES

Due to the enlargement of the Sterling plant the above contract will not interfere with deliveries of regular production
C. A. Quigui
President

STERLING ENGINE COMPANY Niagara St., Buffalo, N.Y., U.S.A.



Only One in Five *escapes Pyorrhea*

Will that one be you? Be sure—use Forhan's

Dental statistics tell the story. Four out of five over forty years of age—and thousands younger—are victims of Pyorrhea.

Apply the "ounce of prevention" before Nature warns with bleeding gums. Go to your dentist regularly. And brush your teeth at least twice a day with Forhan's For the Gums.

If used in time and used consistently, this safe, efficient, pleasant-tasting dentifrice will help prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress. It will *keep* your mouth clean and fresh, preserve your teeth and safeguard your health. Ask your dentist.

There is only one tooth paste of proved efficacy in the treatment of Pyorrhea. It is the one that many thousands have found beneficial for years. For your own sake, make sure that you get it. Ask for, and insist upon, Forhan's For the Gums. At all druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

Formula of
R. J. Forhan D.D.S.
Forhan Company
New York

Yachts Change Hands

A number of changes in ownership of well-known yachts have taken place recently, the following transactions being reported by Cox & Stevens:

172-ft. seagoing steam auxiliary schooner yacht *Intrepid*, sold for W. S. Kilmer to Walter P. Murphy, who has just completed a cruise in the West Indies.

315-ft. twin-screw steam yacht *Hirondelle*, sold for the estate of the Prince of Monaco to the International Film Service Co.

136-ft. schooner *Enchantress*, sold for William E. Iselin to a member of the New York Yacht Club, who will install auxiliary power.

95-ft. twin-screw motor yacht *Vellron*, sold for N. Jay Smith to E. C. Finkbine, Pasadena, Cal.

100-ft. twin-screw steel Diesel-powered houseboat *Miramar*, chartered for the full summer for E. M. Statler to a Philadelphia yachtsman, for use in Maine waters.

110-ft. twin-screw houseboat *Conewago*, chartered for Walter J. Hill to Harrison Williams, for use in Florida waters.

120-ft. twin-screw houseboat *Everglades*, chartered for Col. Robert M. Thompson to C. K. G. Billings, for use in southern waters.

Tams & King and Ford and Payne have sold the yawl *Sequoia*, 45 feet long and built last year for A. E. Wheeler, to Mr. George Bullock.

The Efficiency of Marblehead Green Bottom Paint

Almost every racing yachtsman knows the wonderful quality of Marblehead Green Anti-Fouling Composition, manufactured by Stearns & McKay, of Marblehead. The hard, glassy surface imparted by this paint is invaluable where the utmost speed is wanted. But Marblehead Green is more than a racing paint. It is an excellent anti-fouling composition as well, as proven by the many experiments conducted by the manufacturers. Recently the bottom of a large cruising yacht was painted with different brands of anti-fouling paint, each section being marked with an identification number. This vessel spent eight months in southern waters, some five months of which were at anchor, and when hauled out it was found that the parts of the underbody where Marblehead Green was applied were in the best condition of all, practically free from marine growths of any kind, the surface of the paint being practically as smooth and hard as when first applied.

Many Yachts Change Hands

Roger M. Haddock, Naval Architect and Yacht Broker of New York, reports the following yacht sales made this spring:

70-foot twin screw power-yacht *Wanderlust* sold for E. J. Steiner, of New York City, to W. P. Hamblin, of Providence, R. I.

70-foot schooner-yacht *Miladi* sold for George W. Scott, of the Larchmont Yacht Club, to E. G. Young, of Swampscott, Mass.

70-foot express-cruiser *Whippett* sold for Oliver G. Jennings, of the New York Yacht Club, to a New York yachtsman.

60-foot auxiliary-schooner yacht *Vision* sold for A. E. Burroughs, of New York City, to A. T. Baker, of Philadelphia.

50-foot express-cruiser *Captiva* sold to Roderick C. McNeil, of Bridgeport, Conn.

45-foot auxiliary fisherman type schooner *Lizzie* sold to F. T. Taber, of New Bedford, Mass.

45-foot Elco cruiser *Nitchevo* sold for Sydney Friede to a New York yachtsman.

50-foot day-cruiser *Oriflamme II* sold for Howard F. Gurney to Warren Packard, of Detroit, Mich.

Herreshoff yawl *Dahinda* sold to Edward P. Flannagan and C. H. Whitehouse, of New York City.

Auxiliary sloop *Dorinda* sold for E. H. Grimmell, of New York, to Gordon Seagrove, of the Chicago Yacht Club.

60-foot auxiliary schooner-yacht *Elsana* sold for Harry T. Deane to former Commodore F. S. Hastings.

Six-meter sloop *Hawk* sold for Commodore W. A. W. Stewart to Johanus Schiott, of the Pequot Yacht Club.

Herreshoff sloop *Mink* sold for George P. Granbery to J. F. Maynard, Jr., of Utica, N. Y.

Victory Class sloop *Sirocco* sold for Donald F. Bush to R. S. Sterling, of Houston, Texas.

Cruising sloop *Hocomoc* sold for F. T. Nicholson to E. P. Ruf, of the Harlem Yacht Club.

Auxiliary sloop *Spray*, a duplicate of Capt. Joshua Slocum's famous *Spray*, sold for C. Andrade, Jr., to W. D. Craig.

Herreshoff Bridge Deck cruiser *Jane* sold for Dr. F. A. Carrelia to William H. Hackett.

"R" Class sloop *Swamba* sold to Dr. C. Harold Ward, of Montclair, N. J.

Ketch *Peggy* sold for F. S. Hastings to a Boston yachtsman.

Auxiliary yawl *Jean* sold for Dr. C. M. Piersoll to Stanley S. Covert.

Yawl *Fiddler* sold for E. D. Payne, of New York, to L. N. Gillette.

For the big thirst of little folks

Summer days and the children clamoring for a drink—then's the time when Clicquot Club is a blessing. Give them all they want of it. The clear spring water, the real Jamaica ginger, the fine fruit flavors—everything in Clicquot Club is as good as the world can make it.

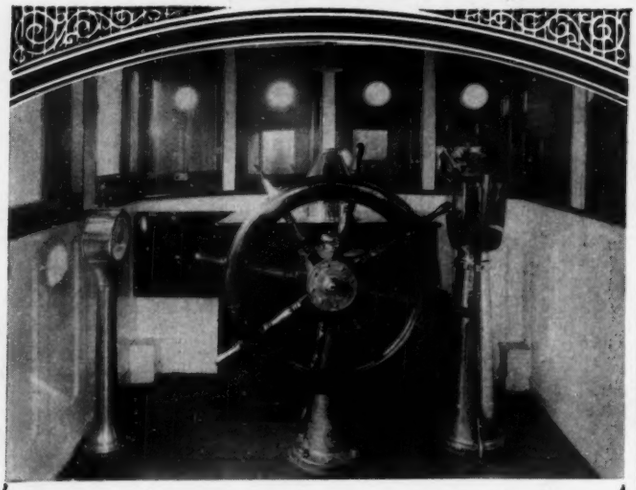
No coaxing to get youngsters to drink Clicquot—*they all like it.* They like to whiff its pert, fresh fragrance, to see it bubble in the glass, to feel its kindly yet tingly taste.

Let them try Clicquot Club once. Then they'll never want to invest their pennies in a large assortment of unknown beverages—which will be a good thing for their small savings accounts, and their little tummies too. Order by the case from your grocer, druggist, or confectioner.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY
MILLIS, MASS., U. S. A.

Clicquot
PRONOUNCED KLEE-KO
Club
Ginger Ale

Clicquot Club
SARSAPARILLA
What a sweet, rich goodness! Cream it up like coffee. That's called Black Cow.



The Storm-Trial!

WITHOUT a sea trial and with only her regular crew in charge of the new Diesel Electric drive, the "Cutty Sark" left New York Harbor on March 30th for a cruise to Southern ports.

Two days later she was in the midst of an equinoctial storm that split her sails and put her rigging out of commission.

The new Diesel Electric drive, which had to be depended upon to drive the "Cutty Sark" through the high seas that claimed a steamer nearby, instantly and at all times responded to the will of her owner and master.

The Diesel Electric drive and direct pilot house control, which were credited with saving the "Cutty Sark," also increased her speed, cruising radius, lowered fuel costs, equalized weights and made possible better quarters for the crew.

Westinghouse supplied the pilot house control and electric propelling machinery for the following Diesel Electric Auxiliary Schooner Yachts:

	Length Overall	Beam	Draft
VELERO II	125′ 6″	20′	7′
CUTTY SARK	147′ 7″	26′	15′ 3″
ELFAY	162′	30′	18′
ALCYONE	182′	30′	15′
GUINEVERE	195′	32′ 6″	16′ 6″

(Full information will be given upon request)

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company
East Pittsburgh Pennsylvania
Sales Offices in All Principal American Cities
Service Stations in Principal American Ports
Special Pacific Coast Representatives
Hunt, Mirk & Company, San Francisco

Westinghouse

W
WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

Storm

(*Continued from page* 32)

"For God's sake get up. The wind's shifted. We're dragging. We're going ashore; d'you hear me, we're goin' to pile up on the damn beach! Oh, my God! Why can't . . . . !" He was gone.

Shakily I blundered from the warm comfort of the blankets, stumbling on deck after him, instantly aware of the stunning truth of his discovery. The wind had backed into the sou'west again, as if determined to compass our destruction. We were on a lee shore, we were dragging, and there wasn't a blamed thing we could do to avert certain disaster.

Our mental state was such at the time that I don't think either of us have a very clear recollection of what followed. I remember the gray-white line of the breakers that suddenly defined itself in the gloom astern, the roar of their mindless rushing upon the rocks, and very vividly I recall the hail, the thin voice that whirled faintly to us in the gusts of the storm blast, and which we answered with the despairing cries of the condemned.

Out of the night a white boat loomed, came grinding alongside. Burly men in oilskins boarded us. The boat sheered off and moved ahead of us, and an instant later our lurching sternway toward the beach was checked. We began to move forward in tow of the stranger. We were saved.

* * * * * * *

Next morning, secure in the placid harbor where our rescuers, the Coast Guard crew, had snugly bestowed us, we harkened soberly to a simple dissertation on proper seamanship, gently but incisively administered by their commander. He had lost a full night's sleep on our account, the poor chap, but it wasn't that point on which he was so deeply concerned.

He was wondering what he could say to make us abandon the sea, as an avocation, forever. Frankly, he classified us as among the dangers to navigation.

The West Island

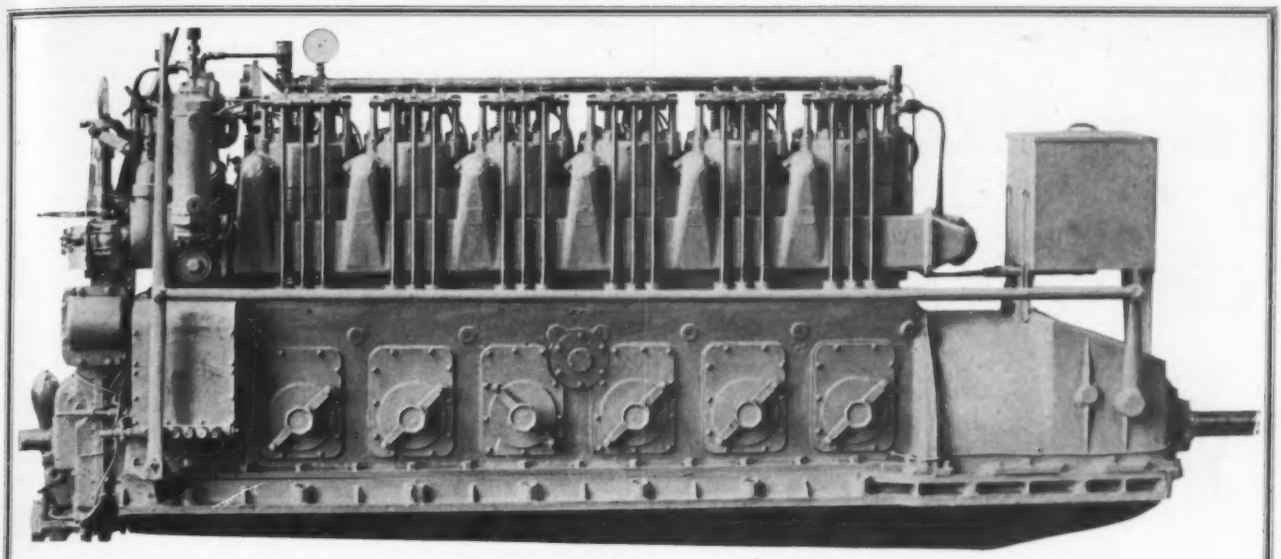
(*Continued from page* 26)

"on her ear." She was the most remarkable steering boat I ever saw. Steady as a die, blow high or blow low, and no matter what direction the seas were coming from. And she was a grand self-steerer. Lash the helm, on any course where both sails would draw, and she would go steadily on about her business, regardless of wave conditions. To windward, she would eat out on the puffs, and when the puff was over slide right back into her "groove" again. Even when driven hard into a head sea she was dry, and combined with her easy motion and exceptional seaworthiness, was one of the most likable boats to sail in rough water I have ever known.

As to the rig—well, not so good. Both sails were practically of the same size, so that she was out of balance when either sail was reefed, and had no single sail, or combination of sails, to sail through squalls with. She would be a far better boat rigged either as a ketch or as a schooner, though the latter rig might easily ruin her steering qualities.

What were her faults? Well, as I have said, she was badly balanced and her rig in general was poor. She was slow in stays, due to a very long, sloping keel. A little too beamy and shoal bodied for best performance to windward in a blow and rough water—a little less beam, more draft and some outside ballast would be the trick.

But the old *West Island*, built many years ago from a



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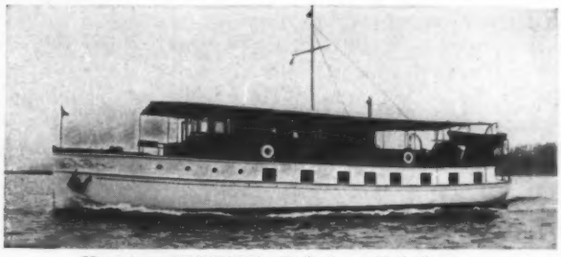

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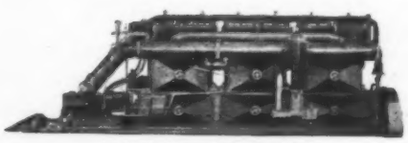

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FROM THE UNPUBLISHED LOG-BOOK OF CAPTAIN C. COLUMBUS, A. D. 1492

"Soone after sighting ye lande, ye cooke came unto me, saying, 'Cap! if yonne lande is America let us ridde ourselves of ye charcoal brazier and buy a SHIPMATE range.'

Commending his good sense, I replied, 'Forsooth, cooke, you've said something! Gette one at ye firste harbor for we've been sorely tried with ye poore means of cooking aboard ye *Santa Maria.*'"

We make no claims as to the authenticity of the above fragment of history, but sailormen of ancient days have praised the SHIPMATE just as they do today.

SHIPMATES

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whittled out model, is a mighty fine little craft, with her weatherliness, stiffness, seaworthiness, unusual comfort in a seaway, and last, but not least, her remarkable steering qualities. A duplicate, with some small alterations in lines and a different rig, would make about as ideal a small cruiser for 'longshore work as one could wish for. But don't tell Hank I said so. He's quite in love with her just as she is!

Loafing on Lotus

(*Continued from page* 25)

In another hour we passed Proctor Point close aboard and by 11 o'clock we had passed Presque Isle Light and entered the well-buoyed channel leading into the bay of that name. On the north side of the bay is Brighton Wharf, surrounded by a group of summer cottages, and here again we replenished our supply of ice and gasoline. Leaving the wharf we soon passed through the Murray Canal and found ourselves at the headwaters of the Bay of Quinte, one of the most picturesque spots imaginable. Off to port was the city of Trenton at the entrance to the Trent Canal. The Trent Canal and its connected waterways afford an inland passage from Lake Ontario to Georgian Bay on Lake Huron. To starboard were the steep and wooded shores of Prince Edward Island, dotted here and there with camps and cottages.

A few miles farther down the bay is Bellville—well named the beautiful city. At Bellville the bay is spanned by a long highway bridge with its draw close to the Prince Edward shore. *Lotus* swung through the draw at exactly 6 bells in the afternoon watch and, a half hour later, entered a broad stretch of water and found a fair wind blowing. Joyfully we made sail and gave our overworked motor a little rest. For the next hour and a half we made good time and everybody was enjoying himself when we sailed into Telegraph Island Narrows and out of the wind. So we called up the motor again and received the usual cheery response.

The forenoon of July 10 was spent in Picton chatting with old acquaintances. Picton, although not a large town, is the only one on Prince Edward Island and is therefore the trade center for the island population. Its shops are not pretentious, but the stocks they carry would do credit to a city twice its size.

From Picton to Kingston, Ont., is only 40 miles. Leaving Picton, the course is down Adolphus Reach, the last section of the Bay of Quinte. In making the run, one passes Glenora with its remarkable Lake-on-the-Mountain and, a little farther down is Prinyer's Cove, a snug harbor known to every sailor on Lake Ontario. Just beyond Prinyer's is Point Pleasant with its white light tower projecting through the tree tops. Point Pleasant is the eastern end of Prince Edward Island and also of the Bay of Quinte. Crossing a half-mile stretch of open water we came to the western extremity of Amherst Island, which affords a sheltered passage to a point within ten miles of Kingston. Brother Island Light was passed and an hour later we were off the Kingston Yacht Club.

Kingston is a quaint and interesting city. Its old fortress, overlooking the lake, still is maintained as an artillery post by the Canadian Government, and its round stone towers remind one of feudal times. At Kingston, also, we discovered our old friend, *Scrapper II*, formerly of Toronto, but now flying the burgee of the Kingston Yacht Club.

They bathe, too, at Kingston and the fair bathers of Atlantic City have nothing on the Kingston damsels in the matter of costumes. The term "nothing on" is used advisedly and is most appropriate.

It is a short run from Kingston to Cape Vincent, N. Y., and as we planned to spend 24 hours at "the Cape," there

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was no hurry. Accordingly we bade Kingston and its diving girls good-bye at 11:40 a.m. on July 11, and took the short cut around the west end of Simcoe Island. The water here is shoal until Nine Mile Point Light is passed. For several miles the chart shows an almost uniform depth of two fathoms. Simcoe really is the first of the Thousand Islands, although it lies wholly in Lake Ontario. At 1:30 p.m. we were off Bear Point, the western extremity of Wolfe Island, and 25 minutes later passed Tibbett's Point Light and were in the River St. Lawrence. From here to Cape Vincent was a run of only 20 minutes and then *Lotus* was made fast to Peo's dock.

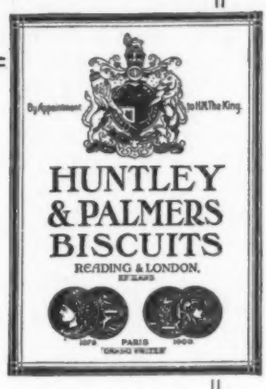
Cape Vincent is the center of the fishing industry of the Thousand Islands—both sporting and commercial. The anglers take the small mouth bass and the net fishermen the Lake Ontario trout and whitefish. There are rumors, also, that Cape Vincent has developed another important industry since the passage of the Volstead Act, but, being comparative strangers, we were unable to verify this rumor.

Steve had planned to stop at Peo's to have some trifling alterations made to the motor and these changes detained us until noon of July 12. Cape Vincent was to be our farthest east, although "Doc" gazed wistfully down the St. Lawrence and reminded Steve that the "Land of the Free" had moved down-stream only 80 miles and that there was a swift current. So at 12:35 p.m. we pointed *Lotus* up river and headed back for Lake Ontario. Twenty minutes later found us once more abreast Tibbett's Point Light and a course was set for Main Duck Island, 18 miles away. Charity Shoal gas buoy was abeam at 1:50 and at 3 o'clock *Lotus* was off the entrance to the little cove on the north side of Main Duck. Ten minutes of careful piloting brought her through the narrow entrance to the cove and alongside the fishing wharf. She had been here before and, therefore, received a cordial greeting from the little colony of fisher folk who inhabit this rather remote island. They furnished us a fine, fat trout for dinner, while Steve bought some trout and whitefish to distribute among friends at home.

Just at dusk we were amazed to see a herd of five buffalo coming down to the head of the cove to drink. It seems that the owner of the island, a few years ago, imported from the Canadian Northwest a pair of American bison. During their residence on the Main Duck they have increased in number to five. They are fed and cared for like the other livestock on the island and have become quite tame, but their sudden appearance gives the casual visitor something of a jolt.

We had intended to spend the night in this quiet, restful spot, but the wind freshened a bit and Steve decided to get out and try to cross the lake under sail. Accordingly at 8:10 p.m. we cast off, threaded our way out of the cove, set watches and headed around the north end of the island. We passed the superb Main Duck Light with its double flash and, once outside, found the wind dead ahead. Steve, however, insisted upon his sail, so he laid a course W. by S. ½ S. to clear the shoals off False Duck Island and proposed to run westward along the Canadian shore until he could close-haul her on the starboard tack and at least make Oswego. Jim and Cal turned in and left Steve and "Doc" on watch. Steve plugged her on her course, passing False Duck Light to starboard at 9:25 and South Bay Point Light at 9:50. At 10:10 "Doc" went down, woke up the watch below and remarked, "Steve says he is going to call all hands in 15 minutes to make sail." Jim rolled over and replied, "Well, then, get to h—— out of here for the next 15 minutes or there'll be mutiny." "Doc" got.

True to his promise Steve called all hands, made sail and stopped the motor. With a gentle breeze blowing, he close-hauled her and found she would hold a course



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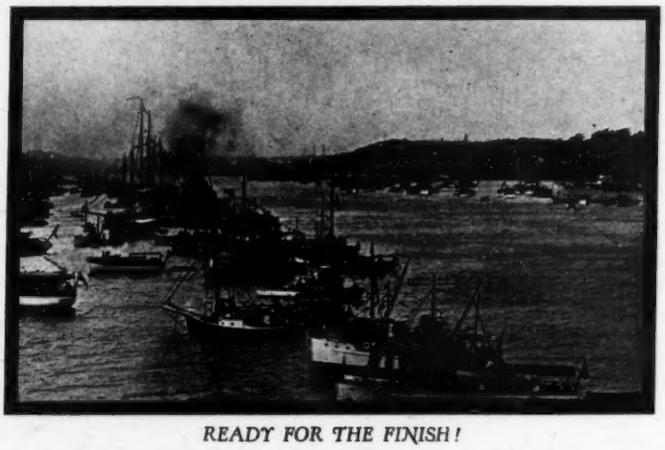

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Friday, the 13th, was an unlucky day, indeed, for it was destined to see the end of our cruise and to send us all back to the daily grind. At 2:50 a.m. we picked up the Oswego lights broad on the port bow and by 7 bells in the morning watch we were close under the American shore. The wind fell with the rising sun, so we had to abandon sails and start the motor. Under power we coasted westward and soon ran into a good breeze, but once more it was dead ahead. By 3 bells in the forenoon watch, we had passed the outer beacon at Sodus Point and, ten minutes later, *Lotus* was swinging to her home buoy.

Thus ended a ten-day cruise around Lake Ontario. Our only regret was that, with a heavy weather ship, we had no opportunity to put her through her paces.

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Some Chicago Racing Events

Great interest is being taken in the growth and development of the Chicago Yacht Club "Pups," a very able one-design class which has grown greatly in popularity. This class has been adopted by other clubs, including the Milwaukee Yacht Club, the Ottawa Beach Yacht Club and the Little Traverse Bay Yacht Club. There is a handsome trophy for the series which will be raced off in Chicago August 30th, 31st, and September 1st. There are now 20 of these able little boats in the Chicago Yacht Club fleet, and as many more owned by members of other clubs. Small boat racing is gaining prestige and importance here, as it has elsewhere.

The Chicago and Jackson Park Yacht Clubs will hold a joint triangular race from Chicago to Michigan City, to St. Joe and back to Chicago, over the Labor Day week end. The Chicago Yacht Club has also scheduled a cruising race to Ottawa Beach and return for over July 4th, with a regatta at the Michigan resort between the two long runs across the lake. The annual L. M. Y. A. regatta will be conducted this season by the Jackson Park Yacht Club on Saturday, July 12th. This is the big annual event that brings boats here from all clubs members of the Association.

As usual the racing fixtures start with the Michigan City Race of the Columbia Yacht Club on Saturday, June 21st.

For a Cruiser That Does Not Cost a Fortune

Taking to heart the words of an "Old Hand" in our May number, YACHTING has commissioned W. J. Deed to get up a 25-foot cruiser with a simplified form of construction, in order to provide a cheaply constructed boat for the man of limited means who wants to go cruising; she is to be a marine flivver, and yet we hope to make her good looking and able enough to go anywhere that one would want to take a 25-foot boat. The plans of this boat, with specifications and cost to build, will appear in the July issue of YACHTING.

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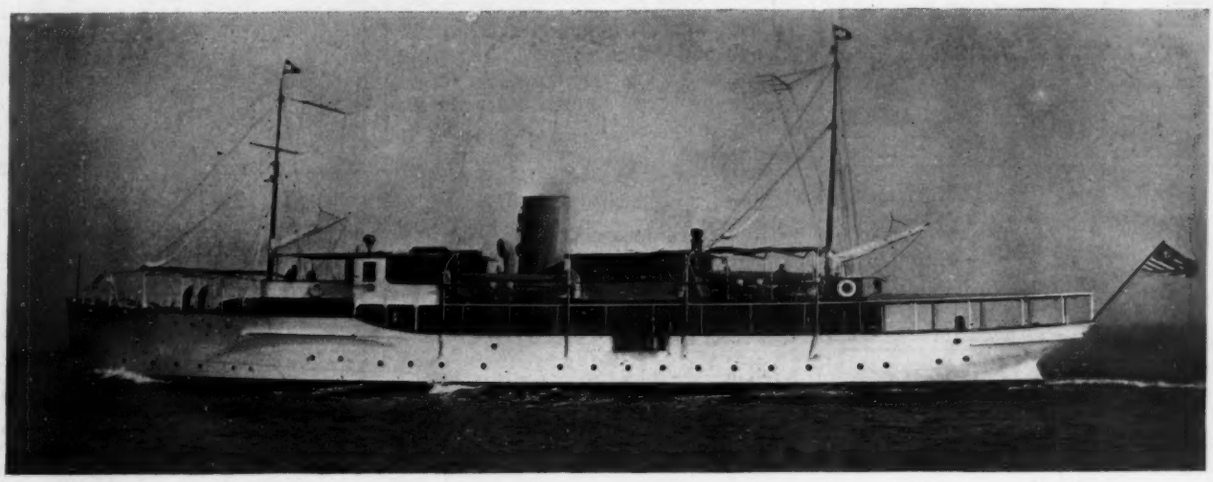

"OHIO"

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Steel, Seagoing, Twin-Screw Diesel Power Yacht

Length	- -	172 feet
Beam	- -	26 "
Draft	- -	12 "
Horsepower	-	700-800, Winton-Diesel

The "OHIO" is an excellent example of our ability to turn out craft COMPLETE inside and out.

Unmatched facilities not only for handling steel hull construction, however small, but also for the design, construction and installation of interiors, including wood carving, paneling and other decoration—even to the making of the furniture.

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